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# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*  
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See story, "Dale's Commencement Gown" on page 3

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## High and Rising Cost of Crime—Rogues Got away with More than Three Billions of Loot Last Year

**D**ESPITE the extension of organized uplift work, for the support and promotion of which so many millions of dollars have been expended during the past decade, there has been an alarming increase of crime grossly out of proportion to the gain in population in this country in the same period. By 1918 it had attained a magnitude and prevalence that attracted public attention as a menace that required drastic treatment. At that time it was called a "wave of crime," and was generally attributed to the demoralization due to war. Had this diagnosis been correct the crest of the wave should have broken and begun to recede ere now, as the war ended more than four and a half years ago. It was not a wave caused by war's social upheaval, but a current previously set in motion by other, deeper causes and was already running strong when the occurrence of war merely gave it additional impetus. Rolling on in an ever rising flood it has submerged the cities in a reign of terror and is spreading with deleterious consequences into the rural sections. This growth of lawlessness, although manifest in all species of offenses, has developed mostly in those classes of crimes the commission of which is induced by avaricious motives.

According to conservative estimates based on reliable information the great army of burglars, highwaymen, train robbers, thieves, forgers, embezzlers, swindlers and other crooks, by their nefarious operations in the United States in the year 1922 gathered in and safely got away with plunder to the value of at least three and one-third billion and probably as much as four billion dollars. This is a gigantic business that the crime guild does; its enormous annual revenue extorted from the people by force and fraud is a heavy tax on the honest industry and thrift of the nation; and some idea of how heavy it is may be gathered from the fact that it about equals the total annual revenues of the U. S. Government derived from all sources of taxation.

The police departments of the larger cities keep a fairly complete and accurate record of crimes within their precincts reported for official investigation. In 28 cities, with only one-seventh of the country's population, 37,554 automobiles were stolen in 1921. The police record of New York City for 1921 shows 41,056 crimes committed against property reported, of which 1,175 were embezzlements, 1,197 robberies, 6,558 burglaries, 320 forgeries, 30,900 thefts including 6,808 automobiles stolen. The jewelers of that city lost more than a million dollars in 1922 by burglaries and robberies, many of which were committed audaciously during business hours in the daytime. The representative of a large marine insurance agency says that the booty gathered by pirates in New York harbor and docks amounts to fifty million dollars a year and probably half as much in other seaports of the country. Last year the railroads paid more than twelve million dollars in settlement of claims for freight stolen in transit. In the thirteen months between April 1, 1920 and May 1, 1921, ten mail train holdups and twenty mail truck robberies yielded the robbers more than three million in cash and securities that were being transported as registered mail.

Boldness to an astonishing degree is a characteristic feature of these robberies and burglaries which in many cases have been accomplished by murdering the guard, clerk or owner in charge of the money or goods at the time of the theft—such trifling regard have present-day criminals for human life that stands in their way! Passing now to the class of offenders who employ fraudulent instead of forcible means in the unlawful acquisition of cash, goods, securities or lands belonging to others, we find a host of artful swindlers using every imaginable device and scheme to induce the credulous or unwary to part with their valuables for a share in an alluring get-rich-quick proposition that promises enormous profits. The President of the New York Stock Exchange, who devotes his best energies to preventing not

only worthless but even suspected stock from being listed on the "board" and dealt in through the Exchange, estimates the fraudulent stock loss in New York City at a hundred millions a year.

The figures that we have cited for certain large cities were extracted from official records and reports that presumably are reliable. While exact accuracy is not claimed for the figures given for the entire country they are believed to be conservative and well within the bounds of actuality, for although in part the result of estimate where definite data were not obtainable the calculation was made by experts familiar with the problems involved and having at their command the experience and statistics gathered by the insurance companies. Property losses through crime have grown to such proportions that within the last few years insurance against burglary and theft has become an important line of business. Many commercial and manufacturing concerns have found it prudent to carry this class of insurance and, of course, include the cost thereof in the cost of production which the consumer has to pay. Many carry burglary insurance on jewelry and other valuables in their homes, and it is a common practice among automobile owners to insure their cars against theft. The premium rates for such insurance are based on the risk; with regard to automobiles the risk of theft is large with small chance of recovery, and the insurance rate is correspondingly high.

Few if any communities are free from vicious and criminally inclined persons, but the crime centers are in the cities which are infested with professional criminals who make their living principally or exclusively by criminal practices, operating mostly in the larger places but frequently extending their depredations into the small towns and even to the farms and country byways. Most of the robberies, burglaries, thefts and swindles are contrived and perpetrated by these professionals who are not only known as such to the police but are pictured in the rogues' galleries and duly classified according to the species of crime in which they specialize, and as a rule they have court or prison records. Why, then, are these human wolves allowed to go at large and prey on the innocent?

It is the assiduous propaganda of misguided philanthropists who cherish an unwarrantable and sickly commiseration for evil-doers that has softened the penalties and crippled the administration of our criminal statutes to a degree that has transformed the United States into a happy hunting-ground for the lawless. The courts experience increased difficulty in procuring conviction of the guilty, judges are adversely criticised if they impose sentences of adequate severity, and governors are too prone to pardon offenders or to mitigate the penalties imposed by the courts, and the probation officers and parole boards (all recent creations for easing the path of the transgressor) are overactive in obtaining suspension of sentence or diminution of penalty. The situation is aptly epitomized in the remark of the *Wall Street Journal* that "there was less crime when it was the practice to suspend the criminal instead of suspending sentence."

Were it not a matter of such serious consequence it would seem a ghastly joke for thousands of known habitual criminals to be plying their noxious trades in defiance of law and decency and to the terror of the community. In some localities the deluge of crime has become so menacing as to cause a revulsion of public opinion in favor of sterner and more effective measures for suppression, notably in New York City where the police force, largely augmented for the purpose, is making a vigorous effort to round up the criminals, and the courts and district attorney are assisting in the attempted clean-up by speeding up trials of the accused and imposing stiff prison sentences on the convicts. The general situation demands similar administrative action throughout the country, also legislation to put a whole-

some fear of the law into all who are criminally inclined by authorizing more severe penalties for all offenders and requiring long sentences for habitual criminals. In due consideration of the rights and interests of the community the safest best place for the habitual criminal is in prison.

### Housewives Fight Sugar Speculators with Consumers' Boycott

**T**HE country is facing a repetition of speculative cornering of sugar such as raised the price of that commodity to unprecedented heights in the spring and summer of 1920. Then, as now, a world shortage of sugar was asserted, currently reported and generally believed, and speculators took advantage of the situation as an opportunity to extort unconscionable profits from consumers by buying the available stocks of sugar in this country and Cuba, which is our chief source of supply, and raising the price regardless of every consideration except their insatiable greed. Our people easily fell victims to these robbers and unwittingly aided in the consumption of the wicked scheme, for in their panic efforts to provide against the threatened sugar famine they bought heavily and hoarded as the price rose, even following it up to thirty cents a pound. But the speculators overplayed their hand by raising the price to a figure that attracted large shipments from remote regions, so that by mid-summer the market showed signs of being glutted and sugar from South America and the East Indies was underselling the speculators in the United States; their corner was broken, their control of the American market ended; it suddenly developed that instead of the supposed scarcity there was a surplus of sugar in the country, and thenceforth through the ensuing months of that year and the next the price dropped rapidly at first and then gradually until it nearly reached the pre-war level. Many of the speculators who were holding on for higher prices were caught overstocked with high-cost sugar when the slump came and were ruined financially by the collapse of their own device. This resulted in actual and threatened criminal prosecution. The Government had failed to accomplish, came automatically through the action of the natural law of supply and demand.

When it became known last February that the recently harvested Cuban sugar crop was considerably smaller than the island's average production in latter years, the prediction of another world sugar shortage was industriously circulated by speculators who were again trying to control the sugar market and have since boosted the price outrageously. The Tariff Commissioners' special report to the President in effect attributes the present exorbitant price of sugar to pernicious speculation, and the Federal Government has initiated and is prosecuting such action as is authorized by law to punish and restrain the offenders, but with little or no effect, as was the case in 1920, for the sugar gamblers are defiantly persistent and appear determined to profit from the extent of their ability. Enlightened by their experience in 1920 the people, and especially the women, in various parts of the country have started a movement for a general boycott to reduce, so far as possible, the purchase and consumption of sugar, and particularly to discourage hoarding, as the most effective means of bringing the speculators to their knees and forcing a substantial reduction in price. This movement is heartily approved and supported by prominent Federal, State and city officials and leading citizens in the belief that, if made a nation-wide uprising, it will speedily accomplish the desired purpose. Eugene C. Hultman, Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on Necessaries of Life, enthusiastically endorses the consumers' boycott and points out that, as seventy per cent. of the sugar consumed in the country is used in the homes, the housewives hold the key to the situation.

**COMFORT'S EDITOR.**

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# Dale's Commencement Gown

By Joseph F. Novak

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See front cover illustration.

GROUP of girls was gathered in Melita Grandin's room in the dormitory. Where there are women, there is talk that eventually will turn to the subject of dress.

t had already reached that stage at this graduation, and the girls were deep in the discussion of the gowns they were to wear on graduation Day, only two days away. "Since your cousin, Milton, is to attend the exercises, I shall put on the dog!" exclaimed Winnie Preston. "Are you sure, Melita, that's your first cousin? There's no danger of having been adopted in his babyhood or something like that to lessen our chances with him?" He's certainly the most loverlike cousin he's with you!"

"He is irrevocably my first cousin, so go to girls, and may the best dressed win!" laughed Melita. "Though I don't know that he looks that exclusively, Winnie. He likes a certain amount of intelligence."

A concerted shriek greeted this, for Winifred Preston had graduated "by the skin of her teeth," as the vulgar saying is. But Winnie always admitted her deficiency with perfect humor, and making a wry face, she exclaimed:

"In such case, we might just as well pass honors to Dale!"

"As if he'd care anything for a confirmed fool ma'am!" exclaimed Dale Treadwell, indeed, girls, count me out on that. I'll make myself as inconspicuous as possible in we all blossom out of the chrysalis of husband."

"You'll probably look better than a great many of us with all our agony, Dale," laughed Melita, who bore the distinction of being the unluckiest girl of the class as well as first cousin to the much discussed Milton Youngfoot.

"I believe you could wear burlap and get away with it. And further, I expressly forbid you entering the crowd on Graduation Day."

The girls all knew something of Dale Treadwell's history. She had come to the University lately, unostentatiously, but by her personal charm she drew to herself the best girls of the class.

She made no pretensions, and when a few inquisitive ones sought outside information regarding her, they found she had descended from first families.

Now, when graduation approached, she prepared for it in her usual simple way, and was leved of the makeshifts others had to practice because of their former pretensions, so while the other girls spoke of "radium crepe," "rocaded crepe de chine," "embroidered Russian crepe," and the like, she planned a simple silk mull to be fashioned by her own hands, for she could not give the order, "send the bill to father."

But though Dale spoke cheerfully, there were pangs in her heart. She was, after all, a girl, like the rest of them, and though she did not crave a gown such as Melita Grandin would wear (rumor had it that it was to cost five hundred dollars, though, Melita's breeding kept her from telling the price), such as Valerie Perok would display (Valerie frankly told that her dress would cost three hundred dollars—but then, Valerie figured culture by the financial yard), still Dale longed to have one of the pretty gowns which had been advertised during the past weeks in the big shops of the city of which the university town was a suburb.

As they chatted, another girl came into the room.

"Hello, bunch!" she greeted. "I'm looking for Dale Treadwell. Here's a letter from a magazine. 'By their stamps shall ye know em.' It's not a returned manuscript, so is most likely a check. What sort of a story did you send them? 'Mary Ann's Lover'?"

With a flip, the merry-hearted girl aeronated the letter to Dale, who caught it, her heart a-flutter.

She ripped it open.

"Oh, girls! It is a check! And for fifty dollars! I wonder if some kind angel didn't whisper to that editor that by accepting the story he would help a poor college girl secure her graduation gown!"

The girls crowded about Dale and rejoiced with her, for all could point to some favor or kind act Dale had done for them in some unobtrusive way. Even Melita Grandin, the lovely and wealthy, had such a debt, and as for the *noreau riche* Valerie Perok, she would have gone down on her knees to Dale, had Dale demanded it, she was so obligated.

"When shall you go to town for your dress, Dale?" asked Melita.

"This afternoon, for the day after tomorrow's graduation day," returned Dale, and with a hearty laugh, she sprang up, and prepared to catch the 2.15 into town.

On her way an array of gowns passed before her mind's eye. The nice part of it was that he could spend the whole fifty dollars for the dress. She had been quietly preparing for graduation since early in the year and had secured white silk pumps, silk stockings and all the other little trappings that a modern, well-dressed girl needs.

The city was reached, and leaving the train, Dale walked rapidly into the great waiting-room.

As she hurried along, she suddenly noticed a girl, apparently in distress. The girl looked so young, so inexperienced and so frightened that she could not, somehow, conscientiously leave her to her troubles.

Still for a moment Dale hesitated, disliking to—as one might indignantly say—"but in", and yet feeling that by not inquiring, she might be neglecting a Christian duty.

So she approached the girl.

"You seem to be in trouble, dear," she began. "May I help you? Are you sick?"

As she spoke, Dale was relieved to see that her inquiry was taken in the right spirit, for the girl looked up, and gratitude shone in her scared eyes.

"I'm not sick, Miss," the girl replied, "except homesick and scared. I am in dreadful trouble, though I don't think you will care to help me when you hear what I have done."

"If you need help, I'm sure I'll be glad to assist you," Dale replied in her sympathetic voice, for the girl looked scarce more than nineteen years. "Perhaps what you have done isn't so dreadful as it seems to you."

"Oh, but it is, it is!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears. "I've run away from my husband!"

"You ran away from your husband!" exclaimed Dale. "Why, that is dreadful, surely, but even that can be condoned sometimes. What did he do to cause you to do such a thing?"

"Oh, he did nothing to cause me to do it. I've been a silly little fool, and thought he wasn't in sympathy with me and didn't appreciate my talent and all that," the girl replied.

Her incoherent words didn't mean anything to Dale, but she was astute enough to see that there had been a sad mistake committed by the young wife, so seating herself beside the girl on the bench which, fortunately, was otherwise unoccupied and screened from observation by the other tiers of benches, she said: "Suppose you tell me all about the matter, and then we'll see what can be done."

"Oh, it will be such a relief to tell someone my troubles. Strangers sometimes understand so much better than friends and relatives, don't they? I'll tell you all about it. I live in Westbury. Westbury is a small town, but we have nice times there. I belonged to the Westbury Dramatic Club and I always made a hit in the plays we produced. But I wanted to do bigger and better things and I longed to go into the movies."

The girl paused. Dale did not interrupt, but through her mind flashed the decision:

"Movie-struck!"

"I always told Jasper that I felt I was destined to become a great actress," the girl resumed, "but he'd only laugh and say that friends' criticism which made allowances for our being amateurs was no criterion to judge one's fitness for the commercial stage."

"Verily, Jasper is a pretty level-headed husband," thought Dale, but she only said:

"There is truth in what he says, of course, but still he might be wrong."

"So I thought, and I determined to find out. I sent my picture to a booking agency and they wrote and said I photographed well and advised me to come to the city and that they would procure me a place as an extra at once, and if I made good, they would take me on as a regular. You know how all the stars began. Their stories read like the most wonderful imagination."

"And most likely are," Dale mentally supplemented.

Again the young woman paused. Then she continued:

"But now that I have taken the step, I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, dear?" asked Dale. "These people have promised you a position as an extra, and a regular place shortly. Your career seems to be laid out for you. Why, then, should you regret it? Go ahead and finish the course you have taken. It may cost you your husband, but then a public career like this demands a sacrifice, and surely no sacrifice is too great to shine among the movie stars!"

"Oh, I reasoned that way, but I find I can't make it. I love my husband and I want to go home!"

Dale put her arm about the girl's shoulders. "That's what I wanted you to say, dear. Well, then, there is just one course left for you to pursue. Go straight back home, tell your husband and I'm sure he'll forgive you."

"Oh, I would but now I am afraid, for if the people of Westbury find out it would disgrace Jasper forever."

"They need not know. You did not tell them?"

"No. I wrote a note to Jasper (who is now in Omaha on a business trip) telling him what I was doing, but if I went straight back home, I'd get home before he will. And to the neighbors I merely said that I was going to visit my sister in Red Wing. If I come back directly, they'll never know what I have done. But I'm afraid because these people have my picture and letters?"

"What difference does that make?" queried Dale. "You wrote to a reliable booking agency did you not?"

"I don't know anything about them. I—I supposed they were all right. Yet, as I came down, all sorts of doubts crept into my mind, and I recalled all the dreadful things that I have heard happen to women who came alone to strange cities."

"Was someone from the agency to meet you here?" asked Dale.

"Yes," the girl replied.

"Well, then, you'd better go right back home and when they call, they'll not find you."

"I—I can't. I haven't the money," sobbed the girl.

"You came without money!" exclaimed Dale.

"Yes. I didn't think it right to take any of Jasper's money for this purpose. My railroad fare and what I'd need for incidentals I saved from special work I did at home in my spare time and it was honestly earned and entirely mine. These people wrote that I would make expenses right from the start so I didn't think I'd need anything beyond a few dollars. And the fare back to Westbury is over thirty dollars!"

Thirty dollars!

Dale involuntarily clutched at her purse. Since she had befriended the girl, it seemed logical that she should supply the money for the young woman to return home. To do that, however, would mean to forfeit her own graduation dress. Yet, after all, what was a mere gown compared with the saving of a broken home and the girl from a fate that made her shudder to think of it. She intuitively confirmed the girl's suspicions.

She was brought to sudden decision by the approach of a man. He was big physically and, though a trifle loudly dressed, appeared, offhand, perfectly respectable.

He scanned every woman as he came along, and finally reached Dale and her companion.

The girl paled.

"Oh, how do. You are Mrs. Madge Evans?" she began.

The girl nodded, but shrank closer to Dale's side.

"You are—Dale began.

"Jack Whitney," the man replied.

"Oh, yes. I don't really know what you'll think, Mr. Whitney, when I tell you why I am here. I am Madge's dearest friend, and when she confided to me that you were going to put her into the movies, I begged her to let me go along. Will you try and get me a place, too?"

"Sure, Miss, sure. What's your name?"

"Mine? Oh, I won't tell you my real name, but the one I'd like to have in the movies. You may call me Merlina Travels. Wouldn't that look well on the screen?"

"Very," returned Mr. Jack Whitney. "But let's go. I'm in a hurry."

"But, Mr. Whitney! You haven't identified yourself, and you know a girl cannot be too careful when she comes alone to a great city."

"Oh, I'm all right. Here's Mrs. Evans's picture, and three letters she sent us."

Dale extended her hand with perfect confidence and received the letters and photographs. She looked compassionately at the sweet, but brainless beauty that looked back at her from the photograph, then drew the letters from their envelopes.

"These are the letters you wrote, Madge, are they not?" she queried.

"Yes," gasped the girl, apparently frightened at the high hand with which Dale was handling the matter.

"You sent three?" continued Dale.

"Here, what's the question?" demanded Whitney. "It's all right, ain't it? Them's the letters you sent and the picture. I guess I'm all right, I am. Let's go!"

"Let's do nothing of the kind. Mr. Whitney," said Dale. "You may, but we remain."

"You—" he began with a fearful oath, and making to snatch the picture and letters from her. But Dale thrust them behind her back.

"Be careful, sir! You are violating the law—"

Mr. Whitney backed—and backed into the arms of a stranger, who, however, seemed to know his quarry.

"Come along, Jack! We're looking for you. Was he annoying you, ladies?"

"No," Dale replied, "but," and she smiled archly into the eyes of the detective. "I think he was on the verge of it."

"In that case, then, you need not appear against him, but we have enough of the goods on him without your testimony," the man said, tightening his grip on Mr. Whitney's shoulder.

It was too much for poor Mrs. Evans. She fainted.

A crowd gathered, and from it came a man, refinement and good breeding in his every movement. He brought a paper cup filled with water, which he extended to Dale, who held it to the girl's lips.

Then there was a dazzling flash! An enterprising young newspaper reporter photographed the scene for his newspaper. Mrs. Evans's face was hidden, but Dale got the full benefit of the flashlight.

Then the reporter disappeared.

Now there would be publicity! But hoping that she would not be recognized, Dale let it pass; there was nothing else to do.

The crowd dwindled away; the refined young man disappeared likewise, and soon the two girls were left alone.

"Do you feel better, dear?" queried Dale.

"Yes, but it seems as if I were dreaming," returned Madge. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"You'll go home on the next train, and I'll see you safely aboard."

"But the money," wailed Madge.

"I'll buy your ticket," Dale said calmly.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Madge, thinking, with no doubt, that Dale was well endowed with this world's wealth. And, indeed, she did give that impression. "Mr. Evans will send it back to you right off, and if he shouldn't forgive me, I'll work so hard and pay it up myself. Do you think Mr. Evans will forgive me?" she interpolated wistfully.

"Surely I do," returned Dale, and we might say here, that Dale judged Jasper Evans correctly.

"How did you know that man was such a fraud?" continued Mrs. Evans.

"I didn't know," Dale returned, "but I suspected it and determined to act as if I were sure of myself. His kind would have attempted blackmail if he had gotten away. Here is your picture and the letters. Show the letters to your husband so that he will know that, to you, this whole matter was a strictly business proposition."

Dale then purchased the girl's ticket, also a berth in the Pullman and pressed the balance of the money for incidental expenses, and then they sat talking until it neared train time. Dale then saw the girl safely aboard and sighed with relief when the train pulled out of the train-shed.

Then she sought the suburban train, and picked up the evening edition of the paper. There was the story in scare-heads.

Fortunately no names were mentioned, and while Dale was recognizable in the picture had one been so intent, casually she would escape recognition.

She reached the "U" and went directly to the dormitory.

"What kind of a dress did you get, Dale?"

was the one question she got above the babel.

"Lost my money," she replied nonchalantly.

"Not really?" It seemed as if the girl spoke as one.

"Yes, really," she smiled back. "I guess I was destined to wear my plain gown, and with the words, Dale quite indifferently took off her hat and tossed down the evening paper.

Estelle Clayton seized it, and the wild headlines attracted her at once.

"My gracious! How dreadful!" she exclaimed reading the article aloud.

"Dear me, Dale, that girl in the picture looks like you. Doesn't it, girls?" queried Winnie Preston.

"And she's ordinarily so stupid!" thought Dale.

The picture was duly examined.

"It resembles Dale, that's all," said Melita—and that was final.

# Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



*I said chickens always come home to roost she snapped in reply.*

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sister. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her her name, Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command. Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures employment wiring hats. She is helped by Mattie Burnham, who wins her love, and in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language, and would she teach. She would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card bears the name of Wm. H. Abbott, M. D., who recommends him to his son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, as being competent to superintend the education of his two younger daughters and to be a companion and instructor on a proposed trip to Europe. Going to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments and hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The wish fails. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur relieves him of further care and takes her to his mother and sister, who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go, too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her so radiant and decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and leaving escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not and legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie questions her right to ask her to enter her room and from under lock and key takes her jewels and demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge, refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave he offers her the love and care that will protect. She refuses. Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington". Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Isabel gives a wrong impression and their pain in learning she is dishonest. Asking for her address, she does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective with success. Going to Lady Peasewell's party, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Randal, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing Lord Dunforth, he detaches the ring and demands where he got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are heirlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after Sir Charles' birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and returning a year later remarked it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge coming back to New York, Lady Randal invites the Coolidges to Valhalla Hall. Walking with Sir Charles, Isabel hears a voice of unusual sweetness and later Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young lady meets her eyes with dread.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST!"

THE next day cards were received at Vallinham Hall for the family and all guests, soliciting their presence at a grand state dinner, to be given by his lordship, the Earl of Dunforth, at his country residence at East Malling, about five miles from the west village.

A great deal of excitement prevailed in anticipation of this event, for all recognized the honor conferred by this invitation, as the earl occupied a high position in the world, and owned almost the whole township of East Malling, where Dunforth Castle was situated.

"What shall I wear, mamma?" Isabel asked, when they were talking over the event in their own room.

"That light blue velvet, with the pipings of white satin, and the stomacher of pearls, which came from Worth's last week, will be the most suitable, I think," returned Mrs. Coolidge, reflectively.



*The whole space which they had just traversed was swept from their sight as if by magic.*



*Better that than I should not have come at all he returned passionately*

and," she added, "partly to herself, "perhaps he will not notice."

Isabel created quite a sensation upon entering the great drawing-room at Dunforth, for there were many people present whom she had never met before, and all were quite anxious to see the bride Sir Charles had chosen.

His lordship was very gracious to her, and seemed desirous to atone for his rudeness on the night of Lady Peasewell's drawing-room, though Isabel noticed that a spasm of pain contracted his face when his eye first fell upon her as she was presented.

He introduced her to Lady Dunforth, who completely surprised her by turning to a gentleman at her side, and saying:

Miss Coolidge, allow me to present my grandson, Mr. Dredmond."

She looked up astonished, and the color flamed into her cheeks at his cold salutation and the well-remembered, scornful curl of his lips, as his critical eye took in every item of her costume from head to foot.

He, too, had recognized those lovely corals, with their diamond garnishments, and he longed to wrest them from her hair and bosom, and denounce her as the false-hearted woman he knew she was.

He, then, was the grandson of the Earl of Dunforth.

Isabel had known all along that he was heir to an earldom, but supposing it to be a nobleman by the name of Dredmond, she had never made any inquiries about the matter.

A feeling of chagrin came over her that she had not played her cards differently, for she knew the Dunforth wealth far exceeded that of the Rands.

A sense of fear, too, arose in her heart lest he should strive to influence Sir Charles against her.

Lady Randal had told her that she and Lord Dunforth were cousins, consequently Sir Charles and Adrian were connected and might he not tell him what he knew?

Later in the evening she was introduced to Lady Ruxley, whose acquaintance she had long desired to make, and whose favor she was most anxious to secure.

The old lady had arrived at the castle that morning by especial invitation, and was to remain a few days to visit Lady Dunforth, who was a favorite with her.

She was a very peculiar body, this old lady of eighty, with her wrinkled, withered face, her scant, wiry, gray hair, her restless black eyes keen and sharp as a briar. She was bent nearly double, and walked with a cane, and when she tried to talk to or look at anybody she twisted her neck and shoulders into all manner of contortions. She was little as well as old—she could not have weighed over ninety pounds—and in her straight, old-fashioned black satin gown she made Isabel think of some witch or sprite of evil.

She felt anything but comfortable beneath those keen, bright eyes, which seemed to read her through and through at a glance, and her blunt way of asking questions disconcerted her not a little.

"False as fair; false as fair!" and "chickens always come home to roost!" muttered the "old crone," as she watched the handsome couple move away.

"What were you saying, aunt?" asked Lady Randal sharply.

She had been standing near, and saw the distrustful expression on her face, and heard the muttered tones.

"I said, 'chickens always come home to roost,'" she snapped in reply.

"What do you mean by it? I don't understand you."

"I mean that you are going to get your pay through her for some of your own evil deeds in the past," she answered, pointing her shaking finger at Isabel.

"Don't be a fool, aunt," Lady Randal said, sharply, yet growing a shade paler than usual. "What have I done that is so very wicked?"

"Ah, ha! your memory doesn't serve you as well as mine, for all I am in my dotage," and the old woman gave a cracked, spiteful laugh.

"I haven't forgotten how, when you were yonder girl's age, you played a game upon his lordship in my house which nearly broke his heart, and without accomplishing your purpose, too; and now I say you're going to get your pay for it."

"That was years and years ago, and I'm sure I don't see what it can have to do with Sir Charles or my affairs today. Don't you like Miss Coolidge? I think her very striking in appearance."

"She has a stately presence, truly; but mark my words, Helen Capel, if you live long enough, you will find that she can plot as cunningly as

you did when you admitted Count de Lusan to my parlors to ruin the happiness of my cent and beautiful girl."

"Pshaw! what has put those absurd ideas and memories into your head tonight?" Lady Randal tried to laugh, though she shivered at the same time.

"Laugh away, my lady, while you snapped the old woman, viciously, and then change your tune before long. I never forgave you for that night's work. Helen was the first time such a man ever disgraced my house, to say nothing about her causing such grief there. But, ah! that was more than forty years ago. I wonder whatever became of her! I am sorry for Charles, though he is a noble fellow, and ought to have a good wife," and Lady Ruxley heaved a sigh of regret.

"Then you don't approve of him, I'm sorry. She is certainly fine looking and then she belongs to a very wealthy family."

"That's it; that's it, you were never satisfied with what you had," was the importunate interruption. "You always want to have the jingle of gold. I'd rather be poor and marry a girl like my companion, rather than a penniless, than forty such stately, well-bred dames, with a million a piece."

"You continue to like the girl as well as ever, then," said Lady Randal, glad to change the subject.

"Like her! There isn't her equal tonight, for all you were so sure of her in. I tell you, Helen, these eyes are good yet, if they have been bad in eighty years."

"Where is she tonight?"

"Upstairs, reading; she would not come down, though I tried hard enough to make her. But go along to your friends, old woman like me is not worth minding, besides, I'm going to bed presently."

She waved her hand the same as the bid to Isabel, and Lady Randal moved away, leaving anxious and miserable, despite her assumed indifference.

Unpleasant memories had been suddenly aroused tonight, and the sting of conscience mingled with remorse, was severe.

"Whatever could have made her like those old times?" she muttered, uneasily, as she glanced at her son, who was looking about Isabel like a moth about a candle.

"Can it be that she also noticed those jewels? It is lucky for me that Lord Dunforth never discovered the part I played in that tragedy; he never would have forgiven it. I wonder what I did with that note—destroyed it? suppose. Oh, dear! what a memory has Ruxley has, it is as keen as her tongue, and it has made me exceedingly uncomfortable; I would not offend her for anything, on Charles' account. I do hope he will be happy, and that he has chosen wisely; he is too good to be deceived—he is like his father, poor man! the girls they have married; however, it is too bad to be helped now."

Such were Lady Randal's reflections when leaving her aunt.

Doubtless she has been recognized before this as being the girl of whom Miss Mehetabel Douglas had told Brownie as having been the cause of her lifelong misery.

Yes, Lady Randal was that same Helen Capel. Finding, after she had accomplished her foul purpose, that she could not console her cousin, Lord Dunforth, for his loss, she last succeeded in winning a good and true man, Sir Ralph Randal, for a husband.

She had not lived the pleasant life it should be said, that he had discovered his mistake when it was too late.

She could not deceive him always, and after the irrevocable step had been taken by her, that instead of a true, loving, and devoted wife, he had been entrapped into marrying a frivolous girl, who cared more for fashion and society than she did for her family. His death had not seemed to break her heart, but after the year of mourning expired, she returned to society with as much zest as ever.

But when her eldest son was taken from her, she felt the blow more keenly, and it seemed to change her.

Charles, the younger son, had always been the favorite, and she feared lest she should lose him, too, and from that time she devoted herself to him, and during her later years became

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes



Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

use of this privilege, such as, inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

use only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

ays give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

ress MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

INCE the appearance of Ruby Nelson's letter, in February issue, on The Ideal Husband, and my suggestion for more letters on the same subject, eighty-two have been received, dealing with husbands, ideal and otherwise. The reading of these letters has been most interesting, as well as amusing in some instances, and as many as there is space for are printed below. Some of them, if these are favorably received, will be printed. Since reading these letters I've gone back to a belief in Santa Claus.—Ed.

VANCOUVER, R. R. 2, BOX 70, WASH.

DEAR SISTER WILKINSON AND COMFORT FOLKS:

Please let me come in again for I am in difficulty

my letter was printed in February. You see,

signed my name without its title "Mrs." and a

st of the young men reading it took it for granted

was a "Miss" and wrote to tell me their views on

the subject, also their qualifications as an ideal

husband. It keeps me busy setting them right.

Some of them think my ideals a little too high

and not to be found on this mundane sphere, or, if

to be found, very rare indeed. Others have ideals

of a wife that are as high but claim they've never

met one. One and all agree that a husband such as I described would be ideal. I know personally

ideal husbands; so know they are possible.

Now I am not an inexperienced girl, but a widow

1 years old, with four children, two boys and two

girls, ranging in age from seven to eighteen years

of age. My husband died from consumption in

October, 1921 at the age of fifty-two years. Al-

though he was not in all ways my ideal, our marriage

of twenty-two years was as happy as the average.

Therefore, I did not write to make you married

discontented with the choice you made, for

it overlooks many faults. The only way for any

one to get along is to use Christian forbearance.

But I write rather to the girls and widows and

say, cling to your high ideals. The higher they

are the more chance we have of growing better.

hank God, it is possible to "Grow in grace, and in

the knowledge of our Lord and Savior." Sisters,

believe good, honest, clean, industrious Christian

boys and men are not as scarce as they would have

me believe. Come on girls, write to our corner and

let's show these brothers that we care for higher

things than a "good time". To be a wife in the

best sense is to be the best thing on earth. Next

to purity and goodness of heart, good sense is the

best dowry any woman can have. We should

try to make ourselves worthy of a good mate,

utilize all those graces that make a happy home,

it is not so much the accomplishments, or physical

characteristics, or external considerations, as it is

the character that makes home happy. The beautiful

in heart is a million times more successful in

securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in

person.

Mrs. Wilkinson, have you closed our corner to the

men? They would like to express their ideas on

his subject and it would be both helpful and in-

teresting to hear how they regard ideals. One man

wrote me suggesting there wouldn't be many

marriages if all girls kept to such high ideals. Is

not that another way of saying we shouldn't expect

our husbands to be better than the average? I say

it is time to bring up the average rather than lower-

ing it by asking less. It is because women condone

men using that so many men use it. A man

could have as noble aspirations as a woman. A

wife wants to look up to a husband; how

can she if she realizes his ideals are lower than her

own? "What fellowship has light with darkness?"

Paul admonishes, "See that the wife reverence

her husband," and he also says, "A widow may

marry whom she will, only in the Lord," and again

"A husband should love his wife as his own body."

My ideal husband is broad-minded. He is a

devoted lover of music and of nature. He is in-

tellectually inclined; for that is the road that leads

to broad-mindedness which you will note is my

first condition. By this I do not mean that his

brain is so much of a storehouse for extracts from

philosophy—but I do mean that in order to be a

kindred spirit of mine, he must understand and take

an interest in the fundamentals of life (that is, to

have formed his opinions on religion, politics, human

and spiritual life.) He is gentle and especially

considerate of the old and feeble. He is of a loving

and sympathetic nature—yet a man in every

sense of the word. I do not agree with Ruby on

her second point of total abstinence from tobacco

and desiring her ideal husband to be a teetotaler.

In fact, a Morris chair and a pipe have always been

part of my dream of happy married life. Then

again, I see no harm in an occasional glass of beer

with the meals. But with the present prohibition,

law we need hardly argue on that point. Of course

my ideal husband must love me above everything

else in the world. I meant to make that my first

condition. Then, I might add that I have always

pictured him as being dark complexioned with black

hair and brown eyes.

I would love to have someone write me about

their life in the country. I would reciprocate by

telling of mine in the city. Do you know, I simply

detest the city. My earnest desire is that some day

I shall be able to live in Nature's own beautiful

country.

I notice that you all describe yourself, so here

goes—I'm 19, but not the flapper type, five feet

two inches tall, brown hair, hazel eyes. I'm not

dark enough for a brunnette nor light enough for a

blonde. I hope I'll pass your censorship, sisters.

Very sincerely,

FRIEDA ROBINSON.

SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

You left the latch-string out, a signal for a welcome, and here I am. COMFORT, dear old COMFORT, came yesterday and everyone, including

Daddy Mine, reads it with delight and watches

for its coming. It has been in our home ever since

I was knee high to a duck. Hurrah! Three cheers for

"The Key to Happiness." Long live COMFORT!

The discussion proposed by a sister for our

Corner to tell of our ideal husband will be very interesting and heaps of fun sure. That "sure" betrays

me. Yes, I am Irish, but don't begin to imagine a

beauty. You'll miss me by a mile if you do. I

have dark curly, eyes that are big and brown and

look straight through things, but I forgot to kiss

the Blarney Stone.

Now for my ideal. Here's what I'd ask for in

that dream man o' mine. Not to be as handsome as

Apollo and as wise as—"you know the rest of

that quotation, but just to be a real pal and in every

sense of the word a man. Faults—why, of course,

he'd have them. He wouldn't be a man if he didn't.

I don't want an angel, wings and all.

Just give me a man with an honest face, frank ways,

PASTRY SQUARES.—These are made of pastry that has a small amount of leavening so as to resemble butter crackers. One cup of sifted flour, again sifted with one-fourth teaspoon of baking powder. With the tips of the fingers work into the flour one-third cup of butter until it is of a mealy consistency. With a knife gradually work in three tablespoons of cold water. Lightly make into a ball with floured hands, and roll thin. Cut



PAstry Squares.

into squares and place in biscuit tins. Spread lightly with any kind of firm jelly, or dust with mixed cinnamon and sugar, or sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a quick oven, taking care they do not burn.

NUT POUND CAKE.—Place in a mixing bowl, one and one-quarter cups of sugar, three-quarters cup of butter and yolks of five eggs. Cream well and then add three cups of flour, three level teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup of nuts, chopped fine, and one cup of sweet milk. Beat to a smooth mixture. Beat the whites left from the five yolks to a stiff froth and fold them into the smooth mixture. Turn all into a large pan with tube in center. Have pan greased well and lightly dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven for fifty minutes.—Mrs. MICKEY REYNOLDS, Brooklyn, 4802 Ave. M., N. Y.

BEER LOAF.—Two pounds of beef, one and one-half pounds of veal, three-quarters pound salt pork, two eggs, one small cup of cracker-crumb, one small cup of cold water, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Put meats through food chopper, add other ingredients and stir until well mixed. Put into mold. I use long bread mold for mold. Turn out in roaster and add one cup of hot water. Put thin slices of onion on top of loaf with bits of butter. Bake two hours in oven, or until well cooked and brown.—Mrs. LUCY MIDDAGH, Johnson City, 18 Roberts St., N. Y.

SALMON LOAF.—Drain juice from one can of salmon, free from bones and rub smooth with two tablespoons of butter. Add three-quarters cup cracker-crumb, rolled fine. Moltens with one-half cup sweet milk. Season with one-half teaspoon each salt and pepper. Beat two eggs well

BEER LOAF.—Two pounds of beef, one and one-half pounds of veal, three-quarters pound salt pork, two eggs, one small cup of cracker-crumb, one small cup of cold water, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Put meats through food chopper, add other ingredients and stir until well mixed. Put into mold. I use long bread mold for mold. Turn out in roaster and add one cup of hot water. Put thin slices of onion on top of loaf with bits of butter. Bake two hours in oven, or until well cooked and brown.—Mrs. LUCY MIDDAGH, Johnson City, 18 Roberts St., N. Y.

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MOCK SAUSAGE.—Soak one cup of lima beans over night, slip the skins, cover with cold water and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain and save the juice. Mash the beans and add one and one-half cup of soft bread-crumb, one cup of rich hot milk, one tablespoon of sausage or bacon fat, one egg beaten a very little, salt, pepper and one-fourth teaspoon of ground sage. Mix well, adding enough of the bean juice to handle. Poultry



# A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighbouring houses. Jacky refuses; finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes her name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglar at Lord Hollis's. Lesard in his turn Jacky will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman, but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. Mrs. Gibbs tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." She gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The ball follows and Gill smuglyes Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and never add to your exchequer with—"he laughed again—"my widower's mite!"

"I don't want you. I'm dead tired." She was gazing at him curiously. How handsome he was—and what a devil!

"You tired?" his eyes flashed with amusement. "Get me a better reason, and I'll go home." "You needn't go for a minute," she spoke thoughtfully, and with her back to him as she touched a bell. "You can go to bed, both of you," she said as her head maid appeared. "I will undress myself. Bring me my bouillon here, and—" she had been about to say whiskey and soda, when she saw it was already in the room. Lesard had made himself at home, then, while he waited! What could he want?

"You look very handsome tonight," he said languidly, when the maid had gone. He fixed his eyes on the Red Mouse as she sat opposite him tinkling a gold spoon against the thin china of the cup that held her bouillon. "Those things would make any other woman look overladen, but they suit you. I wish you wouldn't wear so much rouge—you don't need it, and it's not—artistic!" with a shrug.

"You didn't come here to talk of my complexion," sharply, "or to pay me doubtful compliments!"

"No, nor real ones," he returned calmly. "You know I never make love to you. That is why we have been allies."

Something in his glance brought back the odd idea that had been haunting her all the evening; odd, indeed, for she had no inkling that Lesard was anything but what he seemed—a bird of passage, gay, reckless, untrustworthy; here today and gone tomorrow.

She put her cup down softly on the table nearest her, and with both hands behind the nape of her lovely neck unfastened the strange necklace for which she had given so much. She laid it slowly, carefully, on her lap, and sat looking at it. On her white satin gown it shone more fiercely than ever, dazzling her eyes. She remembered the day she had first seen it, flashing from blood-red fire to azure, paling to green and sulfur sparks, black and dead every now and then only for the crystalline, starry centers of the great stones, where stayed a luster almost unbearable.

Very evil, very wicked for all their glory, those stones had shone, till the Red Mouse coveted them as she had never coveted anything in the world. Lesard had laughed when she begged for them, and put them back into his pocket.

"Only money will get those!" he said; and money had got them only that day. They had been collected for a wicked woman, they belonged to a wicked woman now; but to one whose perceptions had been blunted by the dissipation which she watched and used to her own ends, but never shared. The Red Mouse lived by her wits; next to her money, she relied on her intuition, which thus far had never failed her. Its familiar voice was loud in her ears now.

"Did you come about these?" she asked suddenly, and tapped the lovely, glowing things on her knee.

"I did," he returned. "Oh, I don't want them back again. You needn't clutch them."

"Where did you get them?" she demanded, her hard, blue eyes watching each shadow on his face, for there were shadows there, as well as a covert exultation.

"Where?" Lesard blew a light ring of smoke far out into the room. "From a connection of—my wife's!" and the hidden truth of his words misled even her acuteness.

T was curious how the thought of that shabby girl in the street clung to the Red Mouse that night.

She found herself fingering the gorgeous stones that lay on her white breast almost nervously. She, the Red Mouse, who had never been nervous in her life. How did that pale girl who looked at her so queerly come to be loitering at her door the very first time she wore those diamonds, and how did she know they were bought from Lesard?

The Red Mouse clutched the necklace hard as she sat in her rose-colored and rose-scented drawing-room, where the scattered green tables were arranged as for an ordinary card-party.

The faces round the tables were those of men quiet and impassive outwardly. Now and then one got up and went away, and if he had lost he wasted no time on farewells to his hostess. It was not expected of him; the Red Mouse had no time for unlucky people.

Tonight it was only from habit that she kept a keen eye on the settling up. She took her gains mechanically. Suppose there was something wrong about

"Bah, you never had a wife! No woman on earth is rich enough to afford to marry you," she commented cynically. "And it is no concern of mine—unless you stole them."

The shaft struck home, but the man only laughed with a queer enjoyment.

"I got them in exchange—for a lot of other things," he averred lazily. "You own them now, when I'm paid."

"What do you mean? I paid you this afternoon."

"In part, my dear Mouse; only in part. These," he pulled two checks from his pocket, "were returned dishonored from the bank."

She glanced at them. It had taken a huge slice of her bank-account to pay Lesard. Rather than draw out all she needed, she had given him two checks drawn in her favor by a man whose money she borrowed with both hands. She remembered the checks perfectly—one was for two hundred pounds, one for five hundred—and drew in her breath sharply. A check dishonored meant to her an admirer to be cast off.

"Well," she cried angrily, "that is no concern of mine! I had nothing to do with it. It is you who are out that much, not I!"

"I am never out." His face darkened as he saw her lips set determinedly. "Give me that seven hundred in hard cash tonight and you keep the necklace. Otherwise"—he flicked the ash from his cigarette—"I am afraid it is you who will be left lamenting. I will have all my money, or—" he nodded significantly at the necklace till her fingers instinctively tightened their hold on it.

"But she said nothing for a long moment, while she measured his strength with her eyes. If he dared he could do it, strong as she was. Well, he must not dare!"

"You have had far more than the things are worth without that seven hundred," she said coolly. "I won't give you another penny."

"Unless I—make you!" his head flung back; he looked at her, a threatening devil in his half-closed eyes.

"You can't," she returned steadily, shifting her chair a little, "not while I have my foot on an electric bell!" with a sudden vicious energy. "You don't dare make a scandal."

"There would be no scandal—that would concern you!" but the cold threat in his voice never troubled the woman who had fought her own battles all her life.

"Stop that rot!" she said contemptuously: "I believe these diamonds are far too well known to have any fuss about. You take what you've got, and be thankful, for you won't get any more from me; not while you sell me things that a little working girl in the streets knows the minute she looks at them. I believe you've been playing a low game on me, somehow, when a girl cries out at the very sight of my necklace that I got it from you."

The sudden threat left Lesard's eyes as a flame is extinguished. His hawk face seemed to grow thin and hard as steel under her eyes.

"A girl—what sort of girl?" he demanded. "And when?" And this time she knew there was no safety in defying him.

"No safety in defying her."

"She couldn't see through your cloak!"

"It was hanging off me. I felt too warm."

For once Lesard made no answer.

He was back again in that cave at Hamilton Place, looking at that hidden receptacle that was half-empty instead of full. Marchmont had said he had not got the belt—and now the man who had stabbed him knew it was true. He had known, in truth, since he had read that evening's papers, and cursed softly in the reading, though he laughed, too. But now he knew something more than that. Marchmont and he had quarreled for nothing. It was for nothing that he had done what might yet bring him to the gallows. For, of course, it was Gillian who had taken those jewels that had been so easily carried off from Wellford House, Gillian who had been mad enough to restore them to the police. Gillian who had left that damning trace of her presence in the cave and might yet pay the penalty for her husband's work.

But would she? It was not a feeling of security that made him breathe with narrowed nostrils, sitting opposite to the Mouse and her ill-gotten gewgaw.

He sucked thoughtfully at his lower lip, forgetful for once that the woman opposite was keen-eyed as he.

Gillian Hamilton to have taken that canvas belt might have been in the cave at any time. To know that Lesard had those black diamonds she must have seen Marchmont die—and where was his safety then?

He felt certain as if he had seen her that it had been Gillian at the Red Mouse's door, for, of course, she was in London. She knew no other place to go.

"Well," said the Mouse, tired of who was the girl? You must know."

He nodded, wishing he did not know. His fate had sent her to see those damn him even now by leading the hounds on his track. Unless—he pulled himself together and met the Mouse's eyes with his confident smile. For the only person he had fear was the girl who had loved him to the bone. Manlike, he was sure that she did so still—getting that even a woman will not always everything a man puts on her.

He had married her for a passing fit, thrown her aside for pure weariness, lost her fully out of her sight at Hamilton Place. Marchmont had unfolded "Tom Hamilton's scheme" and his adoption of the daughter. Many a night before Jacky came to Hamilton Place had Lesard sat there, laughing to himself as he thought of the up-stairs and how little Marchmont knew why she had been willing to find a home in his house. She had been a toy to Lord Hamilton; he never dreamed had been Lesard's.

Many a night before Jacky came to Hamilton Place had Lesard sat there, laughing to himself as he thought of the up-stairs and how little Marchmont knew why she had been willing to find a home in his house. She had been a toy to Lord Hamilton; he never dreamed had been Lesard's. Many a night before Jacky came to Hamilton Place had Lesard sat there, laughing to himself as he thought of the up-stairs and how little Marchmont knew why she had been willing to find a home in his house. She had been a toy to Lord Hamilton; he never dreamed had been Lesard's. Many a night before Jacky came to Hamilton Place had Lesard sat there, laughing to himself as he thought of the up-stairs and how little Marchmont knew why she had been willing to find a home in his house. She had been a toy to Lord Hamilton; he never dreamed had been Lesard's.

"What on earth are you musing about?" the strident voice with the house shrill. "How did that street girl know that? And why did she gasp at the sight? If you came by them in any way last night get me into trouble and return me my money."

Lesard threw back his head and with keen enjoyment. The low, rich voice of the richer for the thought of how easily he had taken in the sharpest adventure in London. If she only knew!

"By George! you do say outrageous things!" he cried, in the middle of his laughter. "The girl had excellent reason to know the diamonds. She's my wife! She must have known me coming here lately and hung around my door in hopes of catching me. No wonder I gasped when she saw you wearing that necklace."

Not a word of not having seen his wife months escaped him. It was a good idea to make the Mouse think jealousy had brought Gillian to her door, not the pure chance a man was old enough to know it for. But he lost seven hundred was a cheap price to pay the knowledge that any living being had seen him take the black necklace. Forearmed, and Lesard would run no chance. Those dishonored checks had been a stroke of luck, indeed, for nothing else would have brought him back to the Red Mouse after he had been fool enough to buy his battle. And nothing was farther from his thought than to show them.

"Keep calm, my dear," he said leisurely. "Your complexion won't stand the strain if you keep permanently to evil imaginings. Pay up, now, and I'll go home."

"I haven't got seven hundred between my fingers," she replied, yet sulky. "I wouldn't give it to you if I had."

"You'll give me all you got tonight!" He was suddenly her master, standing lean and brutal at her shoulder. "Hand it over to your pocket, or I'll take it and the necklace too. What the devil do you think I care for your servants, if you do ring? Give me the money!"

Sullen, furious, cowed in spite of herself, the woman drew out a roll of notes, a handful of gold.

Lesard smiled wickedly as his hard hand closed on it. He could be gentler than silk to a woman while he loved her, but this was cold business.

"Ta, ta!" he remarked gaily, "and consider yourself well out of it."

"You devil!" said the Red Mouse shrilly. "If I find you've made me pay my money for nothing, you can look out for yourself."

But he only laughed again as he went lightly from the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT."

With feet that scarcely felt the dirty pavement Jacky Hamilton walked swiftly away from that house to whose owner Lesard had sold the black diamonds.

He was in London! He was all ready to profit by the helpless witness of his crime.

"He sha'n't, he sha'n't!" the girl panted, as she walked. "Not if I go to the police and save him!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

## FOODS THAT HAVE REMEDIAL VIRTUE



GRAPEFRUIT PUDDING WITH CHERRY JAM

By Violet Marsh

## Assisting Nature Through Right Eating

THE great majority of sufferers from constipation can find relief through right eating if each will study carefully his or her own case. There are cases where constipation caused by some organic trouble, but in general it is due to a low nervous state and ceaseless eating and drinking. It takes patience to overcome what has often reached a chronic stage, but unless it is early conquered, other organs will be injuriously affected and the general health will be impaired. As a rule drugs afford but temporary relief, chronic constipation and in time become effective even in increased doses; hence the necessity of regulating the bowels in the natural way, by a diet which tends to effect permanent cure. For this purpose the undulation of a day's food should be coarse, like wheat or brown bread, cereals, whole milk, roots and leaves, and fruits in season. Coffee and tea are constipating and particularly so if they have stood on the boards over four minutes. Tea that "steeps" is extremely injurious because of the large content of tannin that is extracted from the leaves.

If you use a metal apot, throw it away and make your tea in an earthenware or in a pitcher, pouring fresh boiling water over the leaves, and at once placing it on the table to "draw" the four minutes.

This season of the year is the heyday for regulating the diet to bodily needs. There are many who do not suffer from constipation, but do from rheumatism, sluggish liver, sour and weak stomach, all of which are greatly relieved through healthful eating. Meat and fish, while entirely wholesome, should be eaten sparingly in the above mentioned conditions, and during the months of fresh fruits and vegetables not at all. Other foods to be avoided by people having such tendencies are sweets and pastries, while eggs should not be eaten more frequently than twice a week.

As habit plays an important part in the digestive function, a glass of water should be taken one hour before meals, an hour and a half after meals, and before retiring at night. A little lemon or fresh lime juice taken in the water cures many a headache caused by a sluggish liver. The watery fruits such as oranges, grapefruit, melons, plums, peaches,



LILY CAKE WITH CARAMEL SAUCE.

berries and grapes will act directly on the liver and bowels if eaten as long as possible before breakfast, between meals and before going to bed.

As all vegetables contain in varied proportions the mineral elements requisite to health, they are of great value in our meals, being especially important in the building of bone, teeth, other tissues and blood. Stews made of fresh vegetables should be eaten frequently because cooked in this way, there is no loss of mineral constituents, as there is when the vegetables are boiled and the water thrown away. With a little planning, much of these valuable vegetable juices may be used in soups, chowders and gravies, and at the same time a very pleasing flavor obtained.

With plenty of fruit eaten at proper times, milk and whole wheat bread eaten together and slowly for two meals out of the three, have alone relieved cases of nervous indigestion and constipation. Milk should never be drunk as a beverage with other foods, excepting bread. Only a strong digestion can take care of a glass of milk rapidly drunk.

It is essential to health that the blood contain a certain percentage of iron, and as this



CUCUMBER AND TOMATO SALAD.

vital element is continually being used and eliminated, its loss must be continually supplied. Health languishes as iron in the blood falls below normal, and so will constipation increase. Lacking sufficient iron the rosy child becomes pale. The vegetables which contain the largest amount of iron are spinach, lettuce, carrots, corn, potatoes, turnips and peanuts, dried beans and peas.

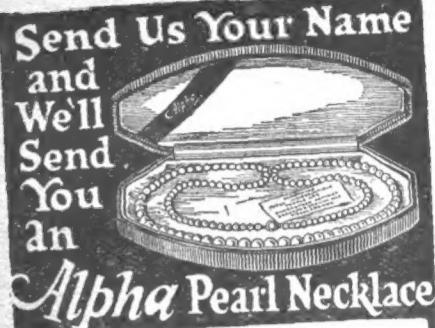
The new potatoes should be scrubbed clean, roasted and eaten with cream or butter without peeling. Spinach, turnip and beet tops,

16 oz. to 16 oz.

16

## Delightful Uses for Rose Petals

By Nelle Rortrey



**THE MOST SENSATIONAL PEARL OFFER EVER MADE!**  
 Genuine Alpha pearls are known all over the world for that beautiful opulence shade of pearl, and are of highest grade. Alpha pearls are hand graduated by experts, strung on light weight silk floss and fitted with solid gold spring ring safety catches; length 24 inches.  
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EVERY one loves the scent of roses and for years the rose petals from many a source of profit to the owners, who made them into dainty beads, for which we women of the middle west pay exorbitant prices, thinking it is impossible to make them for ourselves. Every year, during late May and early June, our lawn in the Ozarks was a mass of delicately scented color. I had dozens of times lamented the fact the bushels of rose petals were going to waste, but it never occurred to me that I might utilize them for the purpose of making some of the beautiful flower beads for which my soul yearned. Then one day a California cousin wrote me a letter, and in it she mentioned the fact that she had finished half-a-dozen strands of rosebeads that week. "For my gift box," she said; and for a while I occupied my time wishing that I might be one to be remembered with such a gift. And then I thought of my own petals going to waste, and I immediately sat down to write a "hurry-up letter" to my cousin asking for the directions for making a strand of the delicately perfumed neck-wear.

I shall copy the reply to that letter as she perhaps made the directions plainer than I could.

You need not think that just because you have only half-a-dozen rose bushes, it is impossible to save enough petals for a strand of beads. A couple of bushes that bloom profusely will furnish enough blooms to be worth while saving.

Gather the petals in the early morning, and pick only those that would drop or wilt before another morning. Spread them out on a cloth to dry. A sunny upstairs bedroom is ideal for this. Keep them well stirred or they will mould. It is not necessary to keep the different colors separate, for they will all be the same dull black when they are done.

After you have about half a bushel of petals saved you are ready to start your beads. Run them through the food grinder and pour all the oil that runs out, back on the petals. Run them through at least three times, using the finest blade. After they are ground, put them in an iron pot or skillet and leave them in a cool place over night. It is this leaving

in the black iron that gives them the desirable black tint. Repeat the grinding process every day for eight days. By this time they will be a soft smooth dough; and then they are ready to be made into beads. To each half cup of dough, add five drops of oil of roses. Mix this in thoroughly and begin moulding the beads. Pinch off a small portion of the mass and roll till round, between the palms of the hands. If you have never had practice at this sort of work, you had best put the first few back, and do them over, as they will not be apt to be of uniform size.

When they are moulded to your satisfaction, run them on a hatpin or fine knitting needle. With the rounding end of a fine wire hairpin, make fine indentations over the surface of each bead while still moist. This gives them the Oriental appearance that is so much admired.

After they are perfectly dry, rub them with vaseline or olive oil. And then they are ready to be strung. They are most attractive when strung between dull, old gold beads—preferably two gold ones between each pair of black ones.

I made the beads according to her directions, and though that was three years ago, they are still things of beauty, and the delicate odor has never left them.

The same year I saved enough petals for a rose jar. These were very popular in our mother's day, and are just as desirable now as then. The containers may be bought at any department store, and many of them are indeed things of beauty. But any sort of a jar will do, providing it has a tight lid.

Pick the petals every morning and on top of each picking, drop three drops of attar of roses. Shake well and replace the cover. After the jar is full, empty them out onto a platter and add a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ground cloves, six drops each of oil of lavender and rosemary and an ounce of orris root. Mix all together well, and pack the leaves back into the jar. About once a month turn the jar upside down and leave so over night.

This mixture will last for years without losing its fragrance. Never leave the jar open for more than a few minutes at a time. That will be sufficient to scent the whole room for all day.

to the young man; but he felt that he was powerless to save him from what he feared his future would be with such a vain and selfish girl as he knew Miss Coolidge to be.

As soon as dinner was over, feeling weary and gloomy, he lighted a cigar, and went out by himself into the cool night air.

The sky was somewhat overcast, but not dark, for there was a full moon, which every now and then burst out gloriously from behind the clouds, and he could distinguish objects quite plainly.

About a quarter of a mile from the castle the ground arose very abruptly for a short distance, and suddenly terminated in a high precipice, which shelved out over a deep and swift-running river.

This was accounted a very dangerous spot by people in that vicinity, for the continual dropping and caving away of the rocks and earth had left the hill above but a mere shell or shelf, hanging out over the river a hundred feet below, and which, it was predicted, was liable to be precipitated into it at any moment, since an ugly seam had appeared about twenty feet from the brink, and the spot was shunned by every one, although it used to be much frequented on account of the lovely view which it commanded.

To any one unacquainted with the path which led up this ascent, it was like tempting Providence to try to reach the top, for there were pitfalls on every side, and the path was winding and uneven.

But Adrian knew every step of the ground, for during his boyhood he had explored every inch many a time, and he clambered on now, still thinking gloomily of his own affairs.

He had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance, and he could hear the restless surging of the river, as its waters rushed over its rocky bed, when the moon came sailing out from behind a white-edged cloud, and flooded the whole landscape with its yellow light.

He looked up and swept his eye over the hill. He started, and an exclamation of horror broke from him as he did so.

He had seen some one standing on the very edge of the dangerous precipice, and gazing down into the valley beyond.

It was a woman, and the breeze made her dark, flowing garments sweep out behind her in graceful folds, and now she lifted her head, and he could faintly distinguish the outline of her face as the moonlight fell upon it.

He dare not call out to her for fear the sound of his voice would startle her, and she would be precipitated into the boiling river below. For a moment the strength all went out of his body, as he thought he should never be able to reach and save her—that his extra weight upon that frail shelf must bring death to them both.

Then, without a second thought of self, he sprang forward with swift, noiseless steps.

Surely, whoever she was, she could not realize the horrible danger of that moment, and the young man's heart fairly ceased its beating, as with a few rapid strides he was at her side, and laying a rapid hand upon her arm, he said, in tones thrilling with anxiety:

"Madam, do you know that you are tempting death? This portion of the hill is liable to cave at any moment."

Then, without releasing his strong hold of her, he drew her quickly back from the spot, farther and yet farther from the sound of those roaring waters, which seemed hungering for their prey, until they reached the fatal seam, which Adrian saw was now wider than ever before.

Just then a sudden shock seemed to strike him, then a rattling, rolling, horrible sound reached his ears, and a sensation of swaying and dizziness crept over him.

He knew what it meant—death!

Only one thought was in his heart now, and it rent his soul with its silent agony.

"Brownie, my Brownie, I shall never see you again!"

The next instant—he never knew how he did it—but he caught the form at his side in his arms, and sprang forward, all his strength and energies gathered into that leap for life.

Not an instant too soon, however, for the whole space which they had just traversed was swept from their sight as if by magic,



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and went crashing and tumbling down the fearful depths below, leaving that poor man and trembling woman faint, dead, with the thought of the horrible death which they had so narrowly escaped, and died wildly to each other in horrified silence.

Then, keeping his hold upon her as he led her still farther away from the yawning chasm, saying, gently:

"Sit down upon this rock under the sun for a few moments until you regain your strength."

She obeyed, and he bent down to kiss her face.

"Are you faint? Shall I go for some water?" he asked; then suddenly dropping upon his knees before her he exclaimed:

"Just Heaven! is it you that I have seen from that? Oh! if I had not come to find him in a startled, almost anguished state."

His voice shook like an old man's in horror, his face, as the moonlight struck it, was ashen in its hue, and for the moment it was more completely unnerved that the girl whom he had rescued from such imminent danger. Her hands lay white and limp in his.

He gathered them up in his strong clasped hands and pressed his lips again and again upon them, while his breast heaved with the dire-frightened throbings of his heart. Only Heaven knew the horrible sensations of that moment, as he discovered that she whom he had rescued from a terrible death, was none other than Brownie Douglas whom he had seen long sorrowing!

"Yes, it is I whom you have seen. Dredmond; but for you I should now be crushed, and bruised, and dead at the bottom of yonder stream," was the low reply, as he gave sweet tones, which he would repeat at the ends of the earth.

"I little thought to find you here. I have something of your trouble, and I have searched everywhere for you in London, Miss Douglas, for the last two months, and it was with reluctance that I relinquished my quest, not enough to obey a summons hither, but when he began to recover himself a little."

He did not stop to think that the girl seemed singular that he, almost a stranger, should be searching so earnestly for her.

"How strange," he went on, "that I should have come hither to save you from even worse than what I feared might have happened to you? It was dreadful for you to be here, and my brain grows dizzy with the thought of what must have been if I had not come. Did you know of that perilous shelf? No one told you?"

"No, Mr. Dredmond, I only came to Dunforth Castle today. I was sad and lonely tonight, and being freed from my duties, I came out for a stroll in the moonlight. I saw this hill, and heard the dashing of the stream, and thinking a delightful view might be obtained from the top, I climbed up. It was like being suddenly awakened from a beautiful dream, when you awoke and bore me from the place."

Adrian shuddered.

"I expected that both of us would be dashed to pieces when I saw the earth giving way, and bear that dreadful noise," she added in trembling tones.

"Better that, than that I should never come at all," he returned, passionately.

His tone seemed to recall her suddenly to herself, and she tried to release her hand which he still held tightly clasped in his.

He was almost unconscious that he had held them, but at the effort she made he looked up at her and saw that her face had grown crimson with blushes, while his eyes dropped shilly beneath his gaze.

"I beg your pardon," he said, releasing them at once, and rising to his feet. "I will think me presumptuous, but my gratitude that you were safe made me forget myself. Did I understand you that you are staying at the castle?" he asked, changing the subject to relieve his embarrassment.

"I am there for a few days."

"Indeed! and so am I," he replied, much pleased, and forgetting that he had told his grandmother he could not possibly remain longer than over one night. "You are cold," he added, as he saw her shiver; "shall I take you back now to the castle?"

"Thank you; yes."

Then, with a tenderness which thrilled her through and through, yet with a wary deference which made him seem more grand and noble than ever before, he supported her faltering steps down the steep path, and led her back to the castle.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

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UNCLE CHARLIE

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## LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

### CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

UNE of all months shows the eternal vigor and youth of the earth. Those of us who have shivered in the northern states through an over-long winter now look upon a very different world from the buried, icebound one of a hundred days.

Nature, with the perfection of her recent fulfillment, is a bulwark of all faith, all enthusiasm. The best of hopes, the surest of all, must be looked for in those who live in rural ways nearest to the natural world; and can blend with its changes as do the child, savage, and those who dwell upon the land draw nurture therefrom.

Too much of our social theorizing, too much of our law-making and governing, are being done today by men who look out upon the world and their fellows with a disillusion, a pessimism, as dark and icebound as a New England February. They have no belief in

that man might make beautiful in a hundred years—as Nature has just done in a hundred days. When some of these

smile, their lips move. That is all. And nothing was ever done without faith and enthusiasm. Even the trees of June clap their hands before a shower!

Of course, the pessimism of the old is largely to the illusion of Time. Man, not having

accomplished in his own short span all he had hoped, feeling his slow relinquishment of the world he has not seen molded to his heart's desire, comes to believe no change possible and bows his head into the discard. To such the old becomes all February—with the

probabilities of a bad March! And it is hard in men thinking in these ways influences to govern a world in which youth is to live where it comes hopefully trooping.

Then there is the other and darker pessimism which is bred of life in large cities and under the sky shadow and clanking sound of our chimerical industrialism. I believe it not an exaggeration to say that no sane thinking—mixing with life, hope and heart in it—is possible where industry has free play with its normal blight. Man's heart and brain were

many centuries before steel and coal oil were kings of thought and action. The fine and innate parts of man do not

concern best to the beat of a machine nor

rest on the breath of bitumen and petroleum.

And yet it is chiefly from such thinking and seeing as I have shortly paraphrased that tendencies of government arise today, because I believe this, I have come to turn my

hopes of the world's and our country's

are two ways: to youth, whose faith is

shaken with enthusiasm and green with the sap

life; and to the dwellers upon the land who

in, when they choose, see clearly through and

over our present mass of laws and law-makers.

in this connection, too, it is interesting to consider that our agricultural population suffers

the burden of many strange statutes—

most of which have come into being to deal

with conditions city born and bred.

In any man or men who are facing the world

instructively, who wish to act on behalf of

our fellows, convictions and independence

ought to be needed first of all. This independence, these convictions, can develop on the

land (they have always developed there), but

ever can they come strong and finely sane

servants of machine and organization, broken atoms of our modern industrial living.

In our cities wealth and power grow as fast

as the power of machinery and organization

have grown. There these really ephemeral

things are worshiped as never before. Again

at a time it is forgotten that aloof and

far Nature stands above and beyond all

institutions of organizing, machine-tending

—her government ancient and immutable

and all the scratches of man's civilization upon

the passing scars. And forgetting this,

the worship and service of science-aided wealth

and industry becomes a faith to replace older

implacable beliefs which might have proved

weak to modern tendencies. Our great city

churches, even, grow to be centers of power,

riches and organization, but not, I think,

enters of a richness of faith, a power of the

spirit, an organizing for true brotherhood.

The reason for these things is simply that all

aspects of civilization, all forms of social action,

result as a product mirroring our means of pro-

ductive life—of which they are the growth.

It is the old story of the figs and thistles.

From age, from discouraged experiences of

life, from our machine-made products of our

machine-molded world, spring the thought

that finds reflection in world government to-

day. The instinctive tendency is with check

and counter-check to hold our over-organized

life closer within the bounds of organization—the

very system and tendency the Germans

followed to a given end. Only here and there

is a little tinge of faith or constructive action.

I would like to have clipped from the metro-

politan press the numerous allusions made to

"the next war." Is it for this our youth is to

make ready and our old men plan? I think

not. There is a June as well as a February.

The truth is that our modern world is really

the victim of machines which have formed

conditions that are tearing out the best of our

life. We are liable to die by dynamo with

science feeling our pulse and prescribing nar-

cotics to the last. Modern industrialism is

coming to represent for man a separation from

God, Nature and that true Art which is a man-

ifestation of a love for, and a belief in, Nature

and God. Our hope must be in youth, not

yet a slave to machine, organization or estab-

lished modes of thought, and in the land-

dweller, who can be practically free from the

evil influences and abnormal results of our overwrought civilization and its effect upon thought and life. From these faiths and sanctities our help must come.

All civilization is a top-heavy growth, beginning from the land and supported from this base. It is from the earth-centered roots that the leaves of our plant of civilized government draw nourishment. Let us remember this when we look upon the green leaves of the young summer. Not Birmingham, not Pittsburgh, not New York, Chicago, St. Louis or San Francisco are our country. No, thank God and June!

And now for the letters:

HOWARD, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Billy must have eaten my first letter, as it did not make its appearance in COMFORT. Before I go any further I will tell you what I look like: I am six feet and three-quarters of an inch tall. I have brown eyes, brown hair, and I weigh between 115 and 125 pounds. You can see from this description that I am not very fat. I was seventeen years old last September.

I live on a ranch of 122 acres. Our ranch is located in Pleasant Valley. The chief crops we raise here are alfalfa, potatoes, and a little corn. There are not any watermelons grown here because the season is too short. Colorado's watermelons are grown in the eastern part of the state. Some melons are grown at Canon City, about fifty miles from us. We grow a good many apples in this part of the state, also quite a few cherries and plums. Corn does not do very well here because the nights are too cool.

We are about 7,000 feet above sea level, and we can see mountains from our place that are more than 13,000 feet high. When it comes to scenery, Colorado can't be beat. The average number of clear days we have in a year are about 320. Another advantage of living in Colorado is that we have cool nights in the summer. The coldest it got here during the past winter was 18 below zero.

I agree with Cousin Augustus Trick about the powder and rouge, but I believe that if the girls are determined to use 'em, let them do as they please and keep on to their heart's content. But I do know that a girl looks horrible when she uses too much powder and rouge. Uncle, I agree with you on this bobbed-hair question. Of course we boys are not angels by any means. We have our faults the same as the girls.

Uncle, I will try to tell you what a chinquapin is. It is a small acorn. Ask Billy, he can tell you what chinquapins are, for goats like chinquapins pretty well. In case you don't know what an acorn is, I will get you some samples and send them to you.

There are four in our family. I have one sister. I am not a cowboy, as most of you will think, perhaps. I can ride in a big wagon without falling off, but there must be sideboards on it then. So you see I am not much of a broncho buster.

Well, I had better quit for this time. Won't the cousins please write to me? I will answer every letter.

Your new cousin,

RAYMOND WINTERS.

P. S. Gus, if you come through Howard on your Grand Tour, stop long enough and I will play you a game of horseshoes. Uncle, did you ever play horseshoes?

Thanks for the information about the chinquapins, Raymond. I have filed this away in my two-legged portable encyclopedia. Of course Billy could have told me what chinquapins were. He knows everything. The trouble is the way he tells you. That's why I prefer to look to the Family or elsewhere to have my ignorance remedied, rather than to be too tartyly reminded of my lacking mentality by a whisker-filtered vocabulary on stilts (I hope he reads this!)

Raymond, you want to know if I ever play horseshoes. Now I don't want to brag, Ray, but it is only justice and truth to declare that the only reason that youngster out in Iowa is proclaimed champion is because he never met me. I can fling horseshoes with the regularity and accuracy of a six-cylinder cash register counting up ice-cream sodas on a July day. I once made three ringers in one game. My horseshoe moves through the air in a perfect arc and descends to nestle flatly and permanently closer to the stake than that of any other shoe shooter. Did I ever play horseshoes, Raymond? That's one sport I don't do anything better. If I had my deserts, I would have awarded to me a solid gold horseshoe with diamond nail heads three-eighths of an inch across. I would be regarded and photographed and movieed as the International Champion of the Twin Stakes. No six-footed, lone-winged Coloradoan could make three points against me in six games—not after I got my collar off and my coat laid away under a handy maple tree. Did I ever play horseshoes, Raymond? Ask me again!

BOX 476 HARVARD NEBRASKA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have been a silent reader of your paper for several years, so now will try my luck in making friends with Billy. I am so anxious to see my letter in print. I have never seen any letters from Nebraska in COMFORT yet—is it that the cousins don't write, or that you don't like us Nebrascans?

I have read where so many cousins tell in COMFORT of their beautiful scenery of falls, mountains, etc. We have nothing like that here; everything is level ground and all the country is well-populated. I wish I could write as good letters as many of the cousins do, but maybe some day when I get to be an old grandma I will be able to!

In July or August I am going to tour some of the western states. I will travel through Wyoming, Idaho and California. I will stay in Sandpoint, Idaho, for a month or more, so if any of the cousins live there I will be delighted to see them. If any of the cousins dwell in Rohnerville, Reedley, Los Angeles and San Francisco, California, I would be also pleased to hear from them, for no doubt I will visit these towns.

I am a very lonely girl, so I hope the cousins will write and also favor me with snapshots of themselves, for I want to start a COMFORT Album.

I suppose you are wondering what I look like: I am very jolly (only not now, for I am down with the flu), and have medium brown hair, not bobbed. I have blue-gray eyes, a fair complexion, a few freckles, very even teeth, and I am five feet, three inches tall. I weigh 110 pounds. That's nutt' bout that.

Let us all give three cheers for Uncle Lisha and the wonderful work he is doing! I hope all the cousins will write. I'll answer as many as I can.

Your loving niece and cousin,

ANNA L. NEWFIELD.

Anna, I think it is true that the Nebraska cousins are not numerous as letter writers—at least they are no such prolific penpushers as the proud Missourians and the talented Texans. Bill once lived for three days on the output of one Texas county. But you must not think I don't like the Nebraska branch of the Family. Anna, I love 'em all just as I do you!

You'll surely meet a lot of the Big Bunch on your western tour. You will come back with your list of relatives extended by many miles and faces. After your return you must write to let me know just how widespread you found our Family tree in the states of Wyoming, Idaho and California. We have a nice little crowd of cousins in Los Angeles county, Anna, as you may find when you get in that movie territory. Take along a camera and make your own album as you go. I wish I might be sitting in the rear seat with you and keeping track on an adding machine of the cousins we pass!

OKATUPPA, ALABAMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I do hope that Billy don't get this letter. He got one of mine, but I was glad of it for it was so silly. I enjoy reading COMFORT—the stories are so interesting, and oh, how I do enjoy reading the cousins' letters and your wise comments on them. I like to read letters where the cousins describe their homes and farms.

I live on a farm of about fifty acres. That is, there are about that many in cultivation. Papa owns three hundred acres of land. We have one horse, one mule, a small bunch of cattle, a nice bunch of hogs (I have three to sell), and the finest of all, a big bunch of goats. This is a fine country for goats at all times of the year. In the summer they can eat oak leaves and in the winter they eat acorns. After you get this letter in print, Uncle, ask Billy if he wants to come down here and eat leaves and acorns. Uncle Lisha, is he as bad to eat salt as our goats, do you suppose?

We rent out a lot of our swamp land. The renters make some fine corn crops too.

If any of you cousins, and Uncle Lisha, too, get too hot next summer, come down and we will go in swimming. There is a creek right behind our field and I have some fun in it with the other boys.

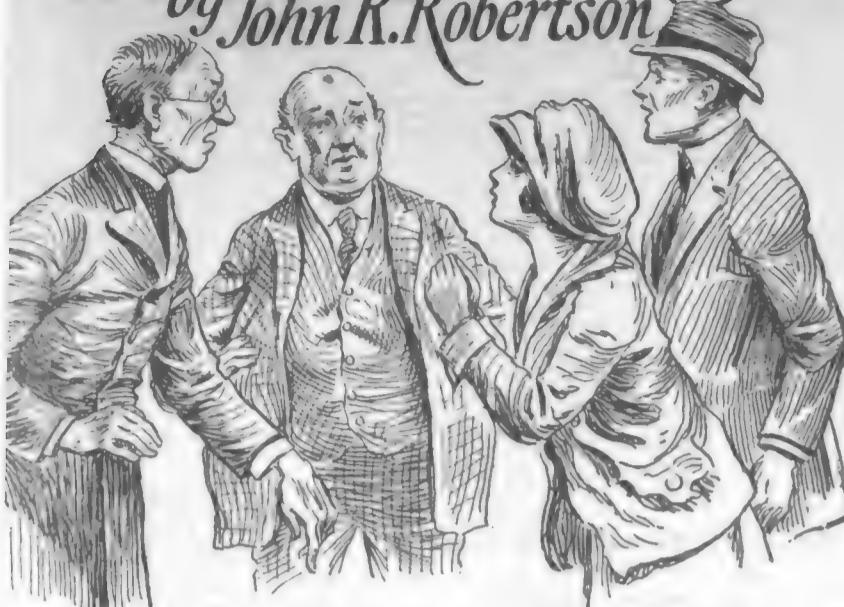
I am going to describe myself: I am a boy nearly sixteen years old. I have light brown hair, hazel eyes, and a sun-tanned face. I weigh about 140 pounds and am five and one-half feet tall. I am in the eighth grade at school and have to walk over two miles to get there. We play basket ball at school, and surely do have a good time playing it, too.

If you print this, Uncle Lisha, I will send you one of



# When No Meant Yes

by John R. Robertson



1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

"FATHER would never forgive me if I should disobey him," protested Stella Cassidy, suspended between the wild desire to break loose from the rigid paternal shackles and the fear of consequence that would follow such a rash act. "I'm as much as I would like to stay on dance I feel it is my duty to go home noon as I promised."

"I've known you a thousand years!" he declared boldly.

"How dare you!" she cried indignantly. Her lips began to tremble, and tears flowed freely from her eyes. "I thought you were a friend."

"This brought compunction to Billy; he drew away guiltily, and tried to apologize. "I—I'm sorry," he murmured; "I couldn't help it. I am sincere when I say I love you. I have wanted to tell you all the week, but you wouldn't let me. And when a fellow loves a girl he can't help wanting to kiss her—especially when she is as sweet and pretty as you are."

Her indignation melted away at this, and with a winsome little laugh she leaned shyly to him. "I'm not angry, Billy," she confessed; "But you frightened me. It is the very first time in all my life I've ever been kissed—"

"Then, dear, won't you tell me you love me?"

"I don't know," she faltered. "I've never had a lover."

"But you have one now! Won't you say—"

She snuggled her red head against Billy's shoulder and murmured: "Kiss me again!"

It was a quarter past eleven when Billy and Stella started on their thirty-mile journey to Stella's home. Billy was blissfully unaware of what lay ahead of him. A little spin of thirty miles was not unusual, even at 11:15 P. M. The unusual part of it all was the girl at his side. He was wrapped in ecstatic thought about her; and the night air, or something, had produced quietness in her. They were several miles out of town before either spoke.

"Oh, was that lightning?" Stella gave a little cry at sight of a flash in the far distance. "It's just heat-lightning," explained Billy. "Before they had gone much farther, however, the lightning became more distinct; a heavy thunder cloud came rolling out of the southwest with a fury and a suddenness more suggestive of a cyclone than of a summer rain.

The girl was plainly frightened. Billy's little car had no top, or protection, and he began to speed up in an effort to reach shelter before the storm began. They had not gotten far when the good road came abruptly to an end. The car plunged into a stretch of impassable mud and the engine went dead.

"We're stuck," announced Billy with a groan, stepping out into the deep slush.

"Oh, surely not!" Stella exclaimed disconcertedly.

And then the heavens opened and the rain descended. Lightning wrought havoc without warning. The thunder boomed overhead with a tremendous roar, trees snapped and fell with a crash, and the two young people huddled together, driven into distraction with fright, and drenched. The rain continued to come down in torrents for what seemed to be an eternity. When finally it ceased the couple was almost insensible with cold and fear.

"It's over," Billy managed to murmur between clattering teeth; "but we'll never get away from here."

And Stella regained sensibility sufficient to cry.

By and by Billy heard a low, rumbling sound and he perked up his ears. It was a wagon approaching.

"Hey there!" called Billy as loudly as he could to the traveler. "Whoa!" he heard a voice. "Halloa! Wall, I'll be—What in thunderation's this!"

"We're stuck in the mud, and most drowned," explained Billy through the darkness. "Can you give us a lift?"

"Ho, ho, ho-ho," came a harsh, vulgar laugh that made the young man want to wring the owner's neck. "Yer some of them autyomobilists, I take it," jeered the voice. "Can you help us?" persisted Billy.

"Autyomobilists—wall, I reckon not! Gid-dap!"

"Wait, wait!" cried Billy. "There's a lady—"

"Whoa! A lady, eh? Wall, if it's help fer yer autyomobile, I can't see ye, sonny; but the lady—I reckon I c'n take her on to Crumleyville. That's fer as I go."

"Both of us?" implored Billy.

"Wall, I reckon," drawled the countryman. "Come on an' crawl in behind."

Billy and Stella groped their way through the mud to the one-horse wagon and managed to find room in the back.

Soaked, cold, numb, and terrified, they rambled on through the pit-black night to the country village.

Presently they heard their benefactor say, "Whoa!" and they saw that he was stopping in front of a house.

"I reckon ye'd better put up here fer the rest of the night," he said. "This is 'bout as far as I go."

"Yes, yes," assented Billy.

"H'lo!" called the man in a stentorian voice, and they saw a door open and a lantern appear.

"Seth Howton, I got some custom fer ye," explained the man. "A couple e-lopers, I take it, who got stuck with their autyomobile. I reckon they'll be wantin' ye to hunt up the parson in th' mornin' maybe."

"I'll take care of 'em," said the innkeeper.

They followed him into the crude country inn. He turned to Billy and said, winking one eye: "E-lopers, eh?"

Billy was too weary to resent insults or make explanations, so he merely muttered, "Show us our rooms."

The night of horror finally passed on into a beautiful Sabbath morning. The couple that met in the upstairs corridor that morning presented a ludicrous contrast to the summer glory outside. That their clothes had been dried during the night was their only solace. Disheveled, disheartened, despaired, they marched down the stairs, facing frantically the coming catastrophe.

"Wall, here's the e-lopers!" greeted the innkeeper. "An' I've got a parson on hand—he spent the night here—"

As their eyes followed his indication they saw a tall, lanky, old gentleman standing in the doorway, his eyes sternly fixed on the girl.

"It's Father!" she whispered, taking a reluctant step toward him.

The clergyman approached his unlucky daughter, his face fixed, his eyes fiery.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"They want to git married," chirped in the innkeeper.

"No, no," faltered Stella.

"Who is this man?" her father asked, nodding his head toward Billy.

"This—is Billy—Mr. Woodward—a friend of Melcena's," stammered Stella, pink and trembling.

Billy met the minister, offering him his hand, and trying to appear calm. The old man ignored his approach, however. "Are you really attempting to marry this man?" he snapped at his daughter. "But surely there can be no other reason—"

"Father, let me explain—"

"No use to try to explain. You—my daughter—broke her promise. My own daughter! A disgrace! What can I do? What have I done? My own daughter here, spending the night in a public inn—with a strange man! O Lord!" he cried, lifting his eyes, "why hast Thou forsaken me?" He stopped suddenly, lowered his voice and said, "I know! I must save my own child! Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!"

"Father, please!" supplicated Stella. "Don't take on like that! I don't understand you. Everything is all right. Let me explain!"

The old man turned his eyes, half-closed, to Billy. "Young man," he said slowly; "do you wish to marry my daughter?"

"No sir."

"I thought not! Well, you will! This day—understand?"

"Yes sir."

"But Father!" protested Stella, highly excited.

"Be calm, daughter! It is the only way to save the honor of the family."

And Stella was calm.

The minister went out in search of the proper official to issue a marriage license, leaving the astounded couple under the guardianship of the innkeeper.

They mechanically drew together at the window.

"Stella," said Billy softly. "Last night you told me you loved me—and I kissed you. We can escape while he is gone—or, do you love me enough to marry me like this?"

"Oh, Billy!" she whispered, her eyes beaming. "Don't you dare interfere! This is the happiest moment of my life."

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

three times a day, and will remember to keep the shoulders drooped and to consciously throw out the chest without forcing the shoulders back, you will soon notice an improvement not only in your chest measurement but in your health and your appearance. Take a tapemeasure and measure your chest carefully, then at the end of a month of persistent breathing exercises and arm exercises, measure it again. Another arm exercise is as follows:

### Another Exercise

Standing in correct position, outstretch the arms with the fingers just slightly curved so they will not be tense. Now raise the arms above the head, palms forward, muscles rigid, inhaling as you do so. Lower the arms slowly to the sides, exhaling. Repeat many times.

I couldn't tell you whether a crooked nose could be straightened by a nose brace. I should rather doubt it. As to the yellow teeth, try rubbing them with a bit of cotton dipped in peroxide and fastened to an orange-wood stick. Bowlegs at sixteen are probably pretty "set in their ways". Your friend might try practicing for ten minutes night and morning the following exercise.

With legs about ten inches apart, bend them inward until the foot is resting on its inner side. Then back to normal, then in, back, in, back. The body should be held erect, shoulders dropped, chest up.

As to your hair, if you want to wear it hanging, the only way to dress it is to part it on the side, gather a portion of the hair back from the face just above ear and fasten with a barrette. The only object of this is to keep the loose hair from falling on the face. If you wanted to wear it in some other fashion, I should think you might comb the hair until it was just about midway of the back of the head, tie, then pin your curls in a simple loosened mass at that point. Not in a knot, you understand, but just as loose as loose as held in position here and there with pins. At your age you do not need to bleach the face except through bathing and food.

If your face needs bleaching, begin to eat fruit in quantities, take a daily body bath, and drink lots of water. This will clear the skin, besides making it more beautiful. Tell your friend with the yellow teeth to brush them five times a day, on rising, with a good toothpaste, after breakfast, after lunch, after supper, and before going to bed. A good exercise for the thighs is as follows:

### To Develop the Thighs

Standing erect, chest out, head up, back straight, knees rigid, throw the arms above the head, palms out, elbows stiff. Now throw them out and down, trying to touch the floor with the tips of the fingers.

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You may not be able to do this to begin with, but make the effort. Practice every day, night and morning, and in time you will be able to touch the floor. Remember the knees must be kept stiff. Another exercise is to place the left foot about eighteen inches ahead of the right foot, throw the arms above the head, then down and attempt to touch the floor just in front of the right toe. The right knee should be stiff, but the left one may be slightly bent. Now for your last question. Here is a good recipe for a hand-whitening lotion:

### To Whiten the Hands

Orange-flower water two ounces; Rosewater two ounces; borax one-quarter of a dram; spirits of benzoin one-half dram; bruised almonds one-half ounce. Add the almonds to the orange-flower water and the rosewater, let stand for twenty-four hours, add the borax, shake until dissolved, then drop by drop add the benzoin, while constantly stirring or shaking. Before using this, wash the hands thoroughly, then apply the lotion and a tiny bit of strained honey, massaging the mixture into the skin. Do this several times in one evening, then coat the hands with lanolin, draw on a pair of very loose cotton gloves and go to bed with the assurance that your hands will be much improved before morning.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTS, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

#### Feeding Baby

FOR this month's talk we hope to be able to offer some helpful suggestions in regard to feeding baby. We shall not try to tell you about the calories, or heat units in the different foods, or use any scientific terms, but use terms that can be understood by everyone. In the first place every healthy mother should nurse her baby, as there is something in the mother's milk that no chemist has been able to imitate.

Mother's milk first and always is the proper food for a baby, and the cemeteries and the statistics with the high death rate of young babies bear witness to the truth of this statement.

There is no doubt that infants nursed at the breast have a lower death rate, and resist sickness better than bottle fed babies.

One can hardly believe that a mother who is healthy and able to nurse her offspring would refuse to do so, yet it is true now and has been for centuries.

Cesar reproached the Roman women for not nursing their babies and moralists of all epochs have taken the same stand.

Unfortunately many women can not nurse their babies on account of undeveloped breasts, or a gland that does not secrete anything, or nipples that a baby cannot grasp, or the condition of the mother's health,—tuberculosis for example. These things, of course, make nursing impossible, and in these cases artificial feeding must be substituted.

The contraindications to a mother's nursing baby are, general poor health from tuberculosis, severe anaemia, advanced Bright's disease, diabetes, diseases of breast, as an abscess or severe inflammation, absence of nipples, inverted nipples, and when you are positive that the mother's milk does not agree with baby.

We say when you are *positive* that the mother's milk does not agree with baby, and we mean by this when the nursing mother uses good judgment about her own diet and keeps her own bowels and digestion in a normal condition, and yet her milk does not agree with her baby.

A mistake has been made in a great many cases of giving up nursing baby, thinking the milk did not agree with baby, when the milk or baby were not at fault at all, but the mother's poor judgment about her own digestion.

The newborn baby should be put to the breast as soon as the mother is rested, in ordinary cases in about eight hours, then every four hours until the milk comes, then every two hours during the day and every four hours during the night.

Once a day baby's mouth should be washed out with boracic acid solution or Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water, also the nipples should be washed. At first you may have to give baby a little warm water, but do not give over six ounces in a day in a bottle with nipple. Do not allow baby to lie all night with the nipple in its mouth or you will have started a bad habit, and with babies it is far easier to start a bad habit than it is to stop the same.

You may have trouble at first getting baby to nurse, and if you do, put some hot wet compresses on the breasts, which brings the milk to the surface, then squeeze a little of the milk into its mouth. The first few days the baby does not get anything but colostrum, which acts as a laxative on the bowels.

You can give baby a tablespoonful of warm water, and if this does not seem to satisfy and baby acts hungry, put a teaspoonful of cream

in an ounce of water, or an ounce of cow's milk diluted one half with warm water.

If the mother does not seem to have milk enough she should drink lots of liquids, milk, cocoa, broths, gruels, and oyster stews.

Cow's milk is the next best food if mother can not nurse baby, but it has to be modified a little to make it more like mother's milk.

To do this you must dilute it, as the curd of cow's milk can not be digested by baby, also add a little sugar to milk as mother's milk contains more sugar than cow's milk.

Of course, when you dilute the cow's milk you lessen the amount of fat and must add cream to bring this up to the proper percentage.

This is called modifying milk, which is simply diluting cow's milk and adding the things needed to make it as near mother's milk as possible.

Would suggest the following to feed baby during the first two weeks, cream 2 1/2 ounces, water 17 ounces, lime water one ounce, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, this gives ten feedings of two ounces at a feeding. For 3rd and 4th weeks cream 5 ounces, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, lime water two ounces, water 24, this gives ten feedings of three ounces at a feeding.

The daily amount of food required by a baby is as follows: 3rd to 7th day 10 ounces, 2nd to 5th week 15 to 30 ounces, 6th week to 3rd month 28 to 36 ounces, 3rd to 6th month 30 to 38 ounces, 9th to 12th month 32 to 45 ounces.

A small baby will not require as much as the above and a large baby will need more. A baby should be fed as much as it can digest properly, but the mother must use good judgment in regard to this as a baby may be crying from colic, and the mother, thinking it is hungry, gives it more food, which it takes quickly as if hungry, when as a matter of fact it has already taken too much food, and you are adding to its trouble. The mother can not depend on the baby being hungry when it cries, as there are many things besides hunger that makes baby cry.

The subject for our next month's talk will be, *Feeding Baby*, CONTINUED.

#### Questions and Answers

WEANING BABY.—My baby girl is two years old and I am writing to ask if I had better wean her now or wait until Fall, after green vegetable are gone? What can I give her to eat and what shall I give her for constipation?

Mrs. H. M., Tawas City, Mich.

Mrs. A. B., Bunney, Ark. Please read.

A.—Wean baby at once; as a rule babies should be weaned when they are eleven months. Her diet should consist of milk, one quart per day, coddled eggs, baked potato, oatmeal, cream of wheat, molasses cookies, orange juice, prune juice.

I think her diet will relieve the constipation, but if it does not, give her teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels regular.

Mrs. L. P. M., Everett, Wash.

A.—Your boy certainly has indigestion, which may be caused by errors in diet, eating too fast or too often, or eating things his stomach is not strong enough to digest. Keep his bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, given in milk, and give him simple foods like cooked cereals, coddled eggs, custards, broths and a little baked potato once a day.

Get some tablets containing one-half grain each of calomel and santonin, and give him one every three hours until bowels move freely, and examine the stools for worms.

In regard to enlarged tonsils and adenoids, they affect a child to just the extent they impose on its breathing and swallowing, and sooner or later should have them removed.

FEEDING BABY.—Tell me what to feed my eleven-months-old baby; can not get fresh milk but can get condensed milk, or malted milk. Baby is constipated.

Mrs. J. M., Cheat Bridge, W. Va.

A.—The cow's milk is better, but you can use either the condensed milk or malted milk, cooked cereals, coddled eggs, baked potato, custards, molasses cookies, stale wheat bread toasted; give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often to keep bowels free.

COLD.—What can I do for my three-year-old baby who has had a cold in her chest all winter? Her hands and feet are cold most of the time.

Mrs. C. L., New Leipzig, N. Dak.

A.—Build up her general health with good, nourishing food; also give her Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, keep chest protected with flannels, rubbing on a little camphorated oil. Get her out of doors all you can, well protected with clothes.

Give her three drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, in syrup, three times a day.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—What can I do for my four-months-old nursing baby, as her bowels move only every second or third day?

Her navel never healed properly, and when she cries it bleeds. Mrs. F. W., Eaton, Colo.

A.—Get your own bowels regular and your nursing baby's will be the same. Eat lots of fruit, apples, oranges, prunes, and if needed take two teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada once a day.

For the sore navel would suggest that you touch up the raw surface with Nitrate of Silver stick, then dusting on a little powdered sulphur.

If this does not help it up, take your baby to a surgeon for an examination, as a bleeding navel should not be allowed to go untreated.

IRRITATING URINE.—What can I do for my four-year-old girl, as her urine has a bad odor, and she is so irritated that she can hardly stand it?

Mrs. J. M., Taylorsville, Ky.

A.—I think you would find on examination that she had a highly acid urine, which causes the irritation.

Put her on a milk diet, adding tablespoonful of lime water to every four ounces.

Dissolve teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar in glass of water, and get her to take two glasses of this every day.

Have her sit in Sitz bath while urinating, you can do this by small bath tub, or large wash bowl nearly filled with warm water.

Oxide of Zinc Ointment will heal up the irritated surface, but you must remove the cause.

WORMS.—How can I find out if my six-year-old boy has worms? Mrs. E. S., Ballard, Oregon.

A.—Get a tablet or powder from your druggist containing one-half grain each of Calomel and Santonin, and give him one of them every three hours, until bowels move freely, and examine stools for worms. If worms are found, repeat two or three times allowing two days between treatments.

DIET DURING PREGNANCY.—BABY'S CLOTHES.—What should I eat during pregnancy, and what clothes does a baby born in September or October need?

Mrs. W. M. M., Crescent, Okla.

A.—Eat anything you wish during pregnancy, keeping bowels and kidneys in normal condition. An Autumn baby should have the following: One flannel receiving blanket; three flannel abdominal bands, 18 inches long and five inches wide, pinked not hemmed; three shirts; pinning blanket of outing flannel; three night dresses of outing flannel; three dozen diapers made out of cheese-cloth or cotton diaper cloth.

A baby's wardrobe varies of course, like an adult's,

depending on the amount of money one can afford to invest, but these things mentioned are the needed things.

SO Navel.—My baby is three months old and the navel has not healed. Is there any danger of hemorrhage? Mrs. H. E. M., Tarkio, Mo.

A.—Yes there is danger of hemorrhage, also danger of an umbilical rupture. Touch up the raw surface with Nitrate of Silver stick, and then dust on a little powdered sulphur, or boracic acid powder. Do this two or three times a week, or dust on powder every day, but use the Nitrate of Silver two or three times a week until it heals up.

If you are not successful in this treatment, consult a surgeon, do not wait for baby to outgrow this condition.

DECAYED TEETH.—What causes my thirteen-months-old baby girl's teeth to decay? They begin to crumble and decay as soon as they come through the gums. Mrs. G. W. A., Oneonta, Ala.

Mrs. M. A. J., Waltham, Maine., Mrs. G. J. S., Please read.

A.—This is caused by a hyperacidity of the secretions of the mouth.

Give baby two or three ounces of lime water a day in her milk, teaspoonful doses once a day of milk of magnesia.

Rinse out mouth with Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water.

BIRTHMARK.—My sixteen-months-old baby girl has a birthmark on her left hip, that has increased from the size of a dime to the size of a fifty cent piece; seems sore and is swollen as if it would bleed. If she is cold the spot turns purple.

Mrs. C. H., McComb, Miss.

A.—While we do not believe in birthmarks, there are many marks on babies that are unexplainable, but without much doubt are caused by pressure in utero interfering with normal cell growth, and development.

If unsightly, or annoys in any way, have it removed, which is a simple operation.

#### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

I think of my ideal husband. All I knew was that I was hopelessly in love with him and that he reciprocated. After more than five years of married life, such happiness of which I never dreamed, we are more in love than ever, being blessed with two sweet children. So I know that love and happiness can come with someone far from your ideal. My husband is thirteen years older than I am, five feet, eight inches in height, blond hair and blue eyes and—a cigarette fiend. Claims to be a Baptist, but has been to church less than a half-a-dozen times since we were married, but really is a true gentleman, lives clean and upright morally and loves the Lord. When we were married we had less than one hundred dollars between us and the world. Have known poverty too well, but we are gradually paying for our home and it is furnished nicely. But the greatest thing in both our lives was our great love for each other, our home and our babies.

So Ruby, when Mr. Right comes along you may be sure that you will do just as I did,—love and marry without thinking of your ideal. Hence the laugh!

May you all be as happy as I am.

Mrs. Jim.

#### ILLINOIS.

DEAR SISTERS AND EVERYBODY:

I will describe my ideal husband,—not the one I have but the one I would like to have. The one I have never did suit me because I never liked his disposition.

First of all, my husband should love me. Second, he should be kind to me when I am sick, willing to wait on me and give me something for a sick person to eat and never leave me alone for a whole day at a time when I am sick in bed. Third, he must be a Christian and have a clean character. He should not swear or use tobacco. Fourth, he should not mistreat me in any way, choke, kick, or hit me on the head. I should like my husband to take me out in public with him, to church and other places. He must be a home-loving man and do his part toward making the living. I believe in both sharing alike and helping one another. He should not

be a drunkard.

He must be as pure as the gates of heaven or whom he hopes will be his wife.

He must love his home and children.

Last, but not least, he must be a consistent Christian.

Do I hear you say, "there ain't no such thing as an ideal husband?"

Come down to the southern part of Illinois and me and I will introduce you to a choice headed specimen of humanity who fits my ideal.

Sisters, if we, as pure women, could do the same moral qualities in men that the women of the world would have cleaned house today. We should bring up our boys to be our girls.

I am 34 years old, five feet, four inches, weigh 130 pounds. Have light brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. I am the mother of six children, four boys and two girls. My girl has gone to her home in Mississippi, trying to live up to the best there. I have a twelve year old son and a man in the world and an ideal wife.

HAPPY WINE.

BUCKHANNON, W. Va.

DEAR Mrs. Jim:

I have taken in many, many men, but on my first visit to you I saw in my little ones that his brain was back at me. I am a Christian and Richard Newton's picture was taken five months old.

I do so many letters and receive suggestions from great men.

Great to read in "making good" things they have command. When I come home to keep housekeeping almost ten years ago, most of the lines in our little house were and are still there. I am glad that I am not alone.

were made from boxes and altogether a lost art, for such can be conveniently arranged until better and more.

I am very much interested in flowers.

Mrs. G. Jim.

#### OUR IDEAL MAN

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight.

Give us a man with shoes not so tight;

With toes made for pencils if one wished to write;

Give us the man with a coat that just fits;

Minus fancy pinch backs and up-the-back splits;

Oh give us a man who is liberal with pelf.

Who can talk for an hour and not mention himself.

Oh, give us the man though his shirt's like a rag.

Yet does not resemble a Bolshevik flag.

Yes give us a man with a tie not so loud.

That he looks like a comic as he walks through the crowd.

Oh, give us the man who's impartial to drink.

Who does not use "hooch" whiskey to muddle his think.

Yes, give us the man with untainted breath.

June 1923

## A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes glittering with the fire that scorched her heart. The memory of each tender, lying word he had ever said to her rose up and added fuel to that flame of eager vengeance. He had ruined Gillian's life, he had killed all mercy and forgiveness in Jacky; he stood clear while they two must suffer and hide, going in terror of their lives.

"Oh, no!" said the girl who hated him, with quick clenching of her tender hands. "Oh, he sha'n't!"

Her lips were set as no woman's ever should be as she opened the door of her poor lodging and stole in gently, not to waken Gillian.

Her caution was wasted. Gillian, fully dressed, pale, half-frantic, sat on the edge of her bed.

"Come here," she whispered, and clutched at Jacky passionately. "Oh! where have you been? Why did you leave me like that? I've led a hundred deaths!" Great tears slipped down her anguished face.

"I've been—" Gillian's nanu was on her sister's burning lips.

"Hush! Don't speak above your breath. We've been mad ever to talk aloud in this house. Tell me, did any one see you go out?"

"No one. It wouldn't matter if they did."

"Everything matters—when you're hunted!" with a sharp catch of her breath.

"But we're not—not yet."

Gillian, her tears on her white cheeks, drew closer and began to speak so softly that Jacky had to watch her lips not to lose the words.

"I was asleep. I woke up and listened to see if you were sleeping in your chair and I heard talking. Hush, don't answer! It was the next room—the man and his wife—I heard them say 'Hamilton,' and that it looked as if we might be the girls in the paper."

Jacky's hands were clasped hard on her knee, not a sound of reproach escaped her, though it had been Gillian's carelessness that had let slip their real name when they took their room and might ruin them now.

"He's going to tell the ponce we're here; she didn't want him, but he talked her round."

"Why?" breathed Jacky, and at Gillian's answer her face contracted.

"Because there's a reward offered for whoever killed Marchmont!"

"We didn't do it. It can't matter to us!"

Jacky said, in a queer, strangled voice.

But Gillian only shook her head hopelessly. They could not prove their innocence. Marchmont was dead, and they need not look to guard for comfort.

She sat on the bed watching Jacky stuff their pitiful few belongings into their bag.

She dared not rise and help her, for fear of the added stir wakening the sleepers whose snores came through the thin wall of the attic room. But the same unspoken thought was in her mind that was in Jacky's; they must be far away from this by the morning.

Today was Thursday; the woman was paid in advance till the end of the week! it was they who would lose, not she, by their flitting. But Gillian would have liked to leave all her small store of money on the table in gratitude. If it had not been for his wife, the man of the house would have told the police about them by this time. But six shillings was six shillings, and she dared not spare a penny. She bowed her head on her hands and did not see that Jacky was writing something on some paper and envelopes found among Tom Hamilton's old papers that they had not dared to leave behind, and had had no chance to destroy. She had bought two stamps on her way home, and she put them on the letters, that she thrust into her pocket.

Toward one o'clock, when there was no passing in the street except for an occasional hansom, the two stole down-stairs in their stocking-feet and plunged into the darkness to a side street. As Gillian stooped to put on her shoes, Jacky leaned against a pillar post and lifted her hand. Something fell into the box with a dull flat sound, but Gillian noticed neither that nor the covert action. Furtive, cautious, glancing from side to side like hunted things, they slipped from one shadow to the next. Skirting dark houses, slinking swiftly past each gas-lamp, Tom Hamilton's daughters went out into the nightmare streets of London. Had father as he had been, he must have turned in his grave had he seen them now, hurrying in the friendly darkness they knew not where. When they had put a mile of winding streets between them and the house they had left, Jacky drew Gillian aside to where some half-built houses stood a little off the street.

"Gill, where are we going?" she said. "We can't go this way. We're getting into a suburb, and suburban people notice everything."

"I don't know where it would be any better." The flat, indifferent voice told Gillian's despair. "Wait, sit down! We must think," said Jacky. And oh, if she had known where their thinking was to lead them!

The two sank down on a pile of bricks behind a boarding, scarcely daring to whisper lest a stray policeman might come around the corner, or a night watchman flash his lantern on their weary huddled figures. If they had known it they were safer on their pile of bricks than they had been for a week, for the street was up for repairs and absolutely deserted.

It had begun to rain, though, and the chill which comes before night verges to morning pierced their thin clothing. Jacky felt Gillian shiver.

"Come," she said authoritatively, "there's only one place for us to go. It mayn't be safe to stay there, but it's all we can do tonight."

"Where? We can't try to get a lodging at this time of night. No one would take us in."

"No one will know anything about us," babbled, "except one girl, and she's a good soul. I can make her do anything. Get up, Gill; we'll catch our deaths here! And it's idiotic when I have the latch-key of my old rooms in my pocket."

"Oh, Jacky! Dare we go there? They—they may be watching it."

"I don't see how they—if you mean the police—could know anything about it," thoughtfully. "No one at Hamilton Place knew where I lived, no chance policeman would think of a girl with smooth, red hair when he saw me going out and in. I believe we were fools not to go there at once. We needn't show up in the day, and six shillings will buy us food for a fortnight, if I go out after dark, when things are cheap. Come on. There's no sense in sitting here. If we're going to figure in the police reports—with a bitter little smile Gillian could not see—"it can't be avoided by having pneumonia."

"If they do know anything about the rooms being yours," Gillian said almost joyfully, for Jacky's mood was catching, "by this time they must be pretty sure you aren't in them."

"They can't know any such thing. Oh, I wish my legs weren't so tired!"

"You were out before. I forgot that! Where did you go?"

"I went—" she stopped, afraid to go on. The less Gillian heard of Leonard the better. "I don't know exactly where I went," she finished lamely. "I wanted air. I couldn't breathe in that dirty garret. Hurry, Gill! We're miles out in West Kensington, and we've got to get to Bloomsbury."

Through the quiet streets, back to the deserted thoroughfares where the only passers-by were men going home to comfortable beds, or ragged human wolves who had no beds to go to, the two girls hurried in silence; hand in hand, sometimes, when the terror of the streets, that is like no other terror, came on them.

A man spoke to them, and laughed as they ran by in silence. A dreadful old woman stopped their way and whined for money—cursing them when they did not answer. Gillian, to get the sound of that hoarse voice out of her ears, flung sixpence into the dirty hand.

"She was so old, and she was a woman," she said to excuse herself. Already the horror of London she had dreaded was upon her. Would Jacky and she ever turn into things like that just for want of a helping hand, a few beggarly coins? Better to die, than live a thing to shudder at! She held Jacky's hand for courage and hurried on.

Jacky trudged in silence, absorbed in fierce exultation at what she had done without telling Gillian. Surely God would help them, and not let them pay for Lesard's sins; and yet it seemed as if even in heaven there was neither thought nor pity for Tom Hamilton's daughters.

"Jacky, aren't we nearly there?" Gillian spoke for the second time, for Jacky was dead to outside things, and her impatient voice was loud in the quiet street.

Jacky looked round her searchingly. They were crossing the foot of the street where the Red Mouse lived, and a church clock somewhere was striking four. Startled, she quickened her pace.

"No, almost two miles," she returned. "I'm afraid the daylight will catch us."

The sweet, high voices that were so much alike, were clearly audible. A man, who had stopped just around the corner of the street they were crossing to turn up his trousers clear of the London mud, stood motionless at the sound. As the light steps passed on he stood up, careless that one immaculate trousers hem had not been rolled up like the other.

For one instant he listened to the quick fall of those girlish steps, and then dropped a newly lit cigar into the gutter before he went noiselessly, delicately in their wake.

Only a girl's voice in a silent street; and girls' voices were as like as two peas often enough. He might well be mistaken, and yet he knew he was not.

With easy, noiseless strides he kept drawing nearer to his unconscious quarry ahead. He was not Canadian born for nothing, had not spent years of his youth in the wilderness without learning how to track things he meant to kill. Under a street-lamp he saw those two fleeing figures, clearly, and knew one was Gillian and the other certain to be her sister; he quickened his pace, yet not enough to come up with them. Even he could not manage two girls in the open street.

And so he dogged them to the end of their journey, till they reached the door of the shabby old house in Blake Street that was all let out in rooms, of which the only caretaker was a slip-shod old woman who cared nothing how her lodgers went and came so that their rent was paid. Most of her tenants were girls, and did their own cooking on oil-stoves; often their landlady did not know if they were there or not. Whether a locked door hid an empty room was nothing to her so long as her months' money clinked in her pocket.

The unseen watcher saw Jacky Hamilton fit her long-disused latch-key into the door and push her sister in. He had run them to earth, the only witnesses of what must never be told, and he moved close to the door to make sure of the number.

He could make his secret safe now, and he paused a moment gloating over it, then stepped back into the shadow of the next house quickly. The door had opened again.

Jacky Hamilton had come out with sixpence in her hand to buy hot potatoes from a stall at the corner of the next street. For her rooms were empty, and a note left for her by her roommate said the latter was gone to do some work in the country. And breakfast Jacky must procure.

The man let her pass him, took a quick stride, and had her in his arms with one hand heavy on her mouth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Dale's Commencement Gown

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Milton Youngfoot, whom everyone was angling for, should come to her thus unsolicited.

He sat for a moment silent, sincere and earnest. Then he spoke, extending his hand:

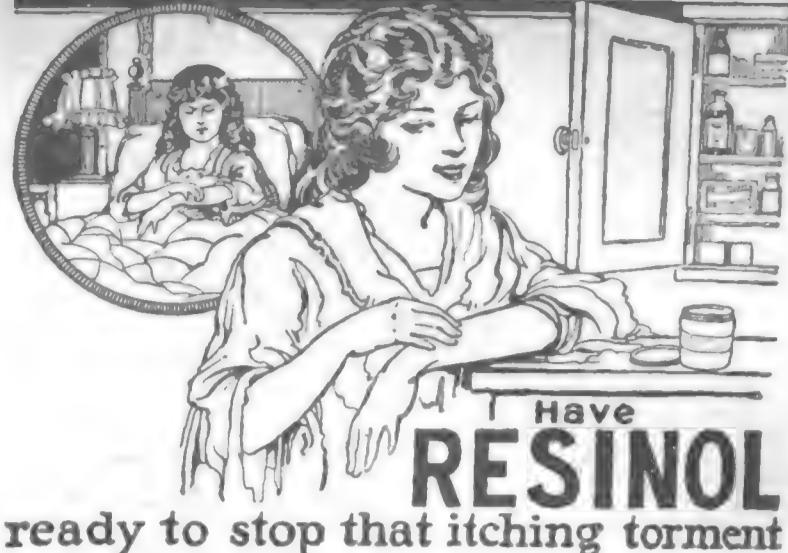
"May I, Miss Treadwell?"

The shapely hand was hers to take or disregard as she chose. He bound her by no promise, but he bound himself. It was very fair. She thrilled with his worthiness.

How could one resist such a man?

"I don't think a girl ever more sincerely said, "This is so sudden," Mr. Youngfoot." Dale turned to him and looked straight into his honest eyes, then placed her hand in his. "Melita has always given you the very highest rating, and a true gentleman is never displeasing to a girl. I think I may give you the permission you crave."

More than one-third of the total area of Holland lies below the level of the sea which is kept back by means of dikes.



### I Have RESINOL ready to stop that itching torment

Don't spend another sleepless night tossing about—tortured by the burning itch of eczema. Insure restful sleep by the application of soothing, healing Resinol Ointment. Its comforting medication cools the inflamed surfaces and stops the itching almost instantly.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap contain nothing that could injure or irritate the tenderest skin. In addition to being so effective for itching skin troubles, they help to clear away blotches, redness, roughness and other complexion defects. Write today for free sample.

Dept. 7-1, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

but not least, he should love me as I should love him.

Do I hear someone say, "There is no one so near perfection as you describe." I believe there is and I don't believe I could ever be content with anything less. I prefer to live my life in single blessedness rather than marry the average man of today.

JET, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a wife and the mother of three children, a girl six, a boy eight and a foster daughter of sixteen. I have been a reader of COMFORT for a great many years and enjoy the Sisters' Corner immensely. I am looking forward with interest to a lively discussion on our ideal husband. But sisters, let us remember and not expect our ideals to reach a higher standard than we ourselves are willing to measure up to. Now for my ideal. He should be a Christian, of good habits. He should have a good disposition and easy to get along with, willing to come half way if in so doing he need not sacrifice principle. He should be sympathetic when sympathy is needed also possess a certain sense of humor. My ideal should be a well read man and not lazy. And he must love children, and respect motherhood. Then, too, he should not be ashamed to be seen with his wife in public or become so negligent of her that he does not think of her pleasure and recreation as well as his own. He should not go off to lectures, shows, summer resorts, etc., by himself while she stays at home and cares for the kiddies. If both can't go at the same time, turn about is fair play. I also believe there is more agreement when the ages are nearly alike, though there are many ideal couples whose ages differ greatly.

Mrs. ELLA MADELYN MILLER.

ANTHON, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Ruby Nelson has told about her ideal husband. I will tell of mine. I think I married my ideal man. My man is good natured, a good provider, a good father and an ideal husband. I think this talking about being near the same age is just in the way a person thinks. My husband is fourteen years older than I am but he doesn't show his age. When a person is cross and scolding all the time, that is what makes him old.

FATTIE.

LOGAN, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I was interested in Ruby Nelson's letter giving her qualifications for an ideal husband. I have a sort of mania for ideals, Ruby, and your ideal would pass my examination but in addition to these qualifications he must be large and strong, have regular features, beautiful auburn hair and velvety brown eyes. Also he must be an affectionate husband and father. And this wonderful man must be able to provide for me an ideal home, a modern bungalow somewhere in a beautiful mountainous country where I could have flower gardens, vegetables, a few pure-bred chickens, a Jersey cow, and anything I'd want for pets. But I'm wandering and had better come back to earth. But say, life would be one grand sweet song if I could have just such an earthly Paradise.

Of course there are many such ideal husbands who can and do furnish their wives with just what they desire but it has not been my good fortune to possess one. I've never met the man who would measure up to my standard of ideal, nor do I ever expect to.

No, good people, I shall not be a bachelor girl until I meet my ideal—for I have a wonderfully good husband, even though he hasn't auburn hair and brown eyes and he just will smoke and say cuss words sometimes. But he has so many virtues I am very fond of him in spite of these facts. Our married life is almost equal to the domestic felicity of Mr. and Mrs. McVey. I say "almost" because judging from his letter, they never even so much as disagree. We've been married several years and are just as good friends and pals as ever and always shall be.

Lina Beck asks that the subject of dancing be discussed. A girl friend of mine who strayed from the straight and narrow way told me that she owed her downfall to the fact that her mother insisted she learn to dance. If one girl falls below the moral standard through dancing, is it not possible that many others will?

In my opinion, modern dances are degrading. I am twenty-one and a half years of age, five feet, two inches tall, weigh about 110 pounds. Have an abbreviated crop of brown hair, grey eyes and a fair complexion.

Mrs. C. W. RIDGEWAY.

AVERY, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I expect Ruby Nelson has started something that will keep you busy, yet I feel sure you'll get lots of enjoyment from it too. And to swell the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

### MAKE GAS IN ANY STOVE

Cook in a Cool Kitchen  
The Instant-Gas Makes  
Oil Burner Summer  
cooking a pleasure. Gives  
you greater economy,  
everywhere, in any  
stove or range. Everybody  
knows gas means cleaner,  
cheaper cooking  
and a cooler kit-

chen. Saves hours of time and loads of dirt. Start your stove with a turn of the wrist, turn high or low to suit and stop with another turn of the wrist.

Fits Any Coal or Wood Stove. Put in or taken out in ten minutes. No damage to stove. Simple, safe, odorless, lasts a lifetime. Money-back guarantee.

30-Day Trial. The Instant-gas Oil Burner makes its own gas from coal oil (kerosene) at one-sixth the cost of city gas. Much cheaper than coal or wood. Because it can be regulated the Instant-gas Oil Burner Cooks and Bakes Better than coal or wood in the same oven. No coal or wood to carry, no ashing, no sweeping, no starting of fires. Greatest woman-saver in the world.

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### Do you want Mary Ann?

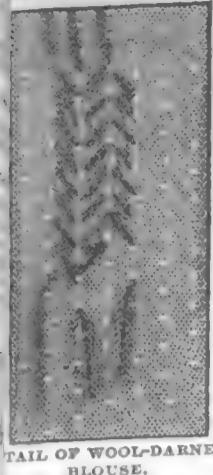
She is just a tall, thin, dark-haired doll ever since her birthday for Mary Ann will come for you without a cent. Send for our free catalog. Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink. Send No Money.

The DOLL MAN, Dept. R,  
1102 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



# Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

By Mrs. Wheeler  
Wilkinson, Ed.



TAIL OF WOOL-DARNED BLOUSE.

On No. 4 needles cast on 65 sts, k plain for 27 ridges (about 5 inches). In the next row k 2 sts, o, \* k 3 sts, o, k 3 sts, repeat from \* until 20 sts have been added. K back having 85 sts on the needles. Sweater is now knitted to match skirt. K 1 row, p 1 row for 17 inches. K plain for 1½ inches for yoke. K 32 sts, slip on holder, bind off 21 sts for the neck. K 32 sts for 15 ridges. Then cast on 15 sts at neck end for front, k 8 rows. In next row k 5 sts, bind off 5 sts for buttonhole. K to end, turn. K, cast 5 sts to correspond with cast off sts. K 5 sts. K 2½ inches. Next row from center edge 5 sts, p 3 sts, o, p 3 sts, o, repeat until 5 sts have been added. K 1 row, turn. K 9 sts, to end of row. Continue to alternate k and p rows for 3 inches, keeping the 9 sts at center edge knit in for border. Work the other front to this point, join. Work for 1 inch stich, to this point, join. Work for 1 inch stich, knitting the 18 center sts, with alternate k and p rows on balance of sts on either side of the center. This completes the yoke, and p front from this point, adding 1 st at end of each row, until 5 sts have been added for each arm-size. When front equals length of the back, fold at the neck line, k 1 row, decreasing 20 by knitting every 3rd and 4th sts together, with plain knit band. Bind off.

## Sleeves

Pick up 60 sts work for 2 inches, decrease 1 st each end of needle for 10 sts, then increase 1 st every inch until 36 sts remain. Work k and p rows until sleeve measures 5 more inches in length.

## Cuffs

Knit plain for 3 inches. Bind off. Crochet covering for two buttons and join back with short chain. Sew button on right-hand side of the yoke in place.

## Crocheted Bertha

An open work collar which follows the popular bertha lines is sketched, and the pattern is



LITTLE GIRL'S KNITTED COAT.

shown in detail in diagram on opposite page. Using No. 50 white or ecru mercerized crochet cotton and No. 13 steel crochet hook, ch 8 sts.

One works on the width of the collar and from the top to the bottom.

1st row—1 d c in 6th st from the hook, 6 d c in next 6 sts, \* ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat from \* alternating 2 blks and 2 sps and ending with 2 sps, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks over the 2 sps, 2 sps over the 2 blks, repeat, ending with 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 8, turn.

3rd row—1 tr c on 4th double in last row, ch 5, 1 tr c on first double of 2 blocks in last row, this makes 1 large space, 12 more large spaces, worked over every 2 blks or sps as shown in diagram. Ch 8, 1 d c on last double of 2 corner sps, 3 more d c making 1 blk over 1 sp in lower corner. Then work 1 sp, ch 5, turn. 1 blk over blk, 1 st into 5th ch of large sp, ch 5, turn. Now work to edge again, make 1 blk over sp, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 blk over blk, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 tr c

on tr c, 13 more large sps, ch 3, 1 tr c making one-half a large sp, ch 8, turn.

5th row—Same as the 3rd row. Work edge as directed in reversing the blks and sps as shown.

Repeat until collar measures 38 to 40 inches. Finish the opposite end same as the first.

Work around the flat bordered sides with one row of singles.

## Diamond Open Work Sweater

Gage—5 stitches to inch.

Materials required. Five balls white Shetland floss, one ball colored, one pair amber needles No. 4.

Cast on 85 sts, using colored, k 9 ridges for border.

19th row—K 9 sts, k 2 tog, \* wool over needle, k 2 tog, k 17 sts, k 2 tog. Repeat from \* twice, ending with wool o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts. K next row and every even row.

21st row—K 8 sts, k 2 tog, \* o, k 1 st, repeat from \* ending with thread o, k 1, o, k 2 tog, k 8 sts.

23rd row—K 7 sts, k 2 tog, \* o, k 3 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from \* ending with thread o, k 3 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 7 sts.

25th row—K 6 sts, k 2 tog, \* o, k 5 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from \* ending as usual, then k 5 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 6 sts.

27th row—K 5 sts, k 2 tog, \* o, k 7 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from \* as usual, k 7 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts.

29th row—K 4 sts, k 2 tog, \* o, k 9 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from \* as usual, k 9 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 4 sts.

31st row—K 3 sts, k 2 tog, \* o, k 11 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from \* as usual, k 11 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts.

33rd row—K 2 sts, k 2 tog, \* o, k 13 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from \* as usual, k 13 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 2 sts.

35th row—K 1 st, k 2 tog, \* o, k 15 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, repeat from \* as usual, k 15 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 1 st.

37th row—K 2 tog, \* o, k 17 sts, o, k 3 tog, repeat from \* as usual, k 17 sts, o, k 2 tog.

39th row—K 1 st, \* o, k 2 tog, k 15 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 1 st, repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 15 sts, o, k 2 tog, o, k 1 st.

41st row—K 2 sts, \* o, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 3 sts, repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 2 sts.

43rd row—K 3 sts, \* o, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 5 sts, repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 3 sts.

45th row—K 4 sts, \* o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 7 sts, repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 4 sts.

47th row—K 5 sts, \* k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 9 sts, repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 7 sts.

49th row—K 6 sts, \* o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 11 sts, repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 6 sts.

51st row—K 7 sts, \* o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 13 sts, repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 7 sts.

53rd row—K 8 sts, \* o, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, o, k 15 sts. Repeat from \* as usual, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, o, k 8 sts.

55th row—K 9 sts, \* o, k 3 tog, o, k 17 sts. Repeat from \* as usual, k 3 tog, o, k 9 sts.

The pattern is now complete. Repeat from the 21st row until the back is from 12 to 14 inches according to length desired. Cast on 30 sts on each side from short, or 60 for long sleeves.

Knit one and one-half diamonds for width of sleeve.

## Shoulder

Fold and mark center of the back. From bottom of a sleeve work to within 17 sts of center, slip these sts, the center st and 17 sts more (35) on a pin. Knit the remaining, work back, cast on 35 sts, work to end of row. Knit one and one-half diamonds to complete sleeves. Bind off the number of stitches cast on for sleeves.

Knit front to correspond with back, finishing with border of color in plain knitting. Bind off neck. Slip stitches on back at neck on needles, bind off 1, on 34 sts, k 2 sts, p 2 sts for 6 rows. Bind off easily. Pick up 38 sts on front of neck, p 2 sts, k 2 sts for six rows, bind off, join at either side to ribbing of the back.

## Wool-Darned Blouse

For this novel little slip-on one will need two yards of white point de-esprit, which is a finely dotted net, one ball of blue, pink or canary Shetland floss, a darning needle and bone crochet hook.

To avoid unnecessary darning, lay a blouse pattern on the net and indicate the outline with a colored baste thread, then just the portion to be used need be worked.

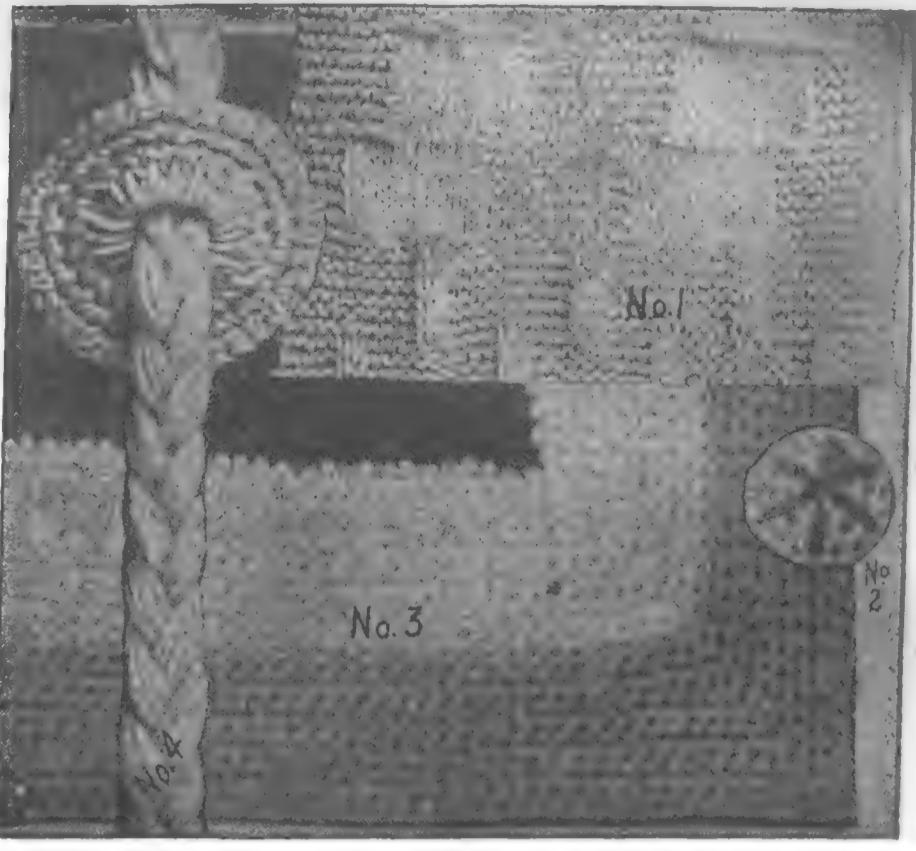
The net is dotted in rows with the dots alternating rather than opposite each other. To make the method of work clear, consider these in the first row numbered 1, 3, 5, and in the second row 2, 4, 6 etc.

Using a couple of yards of wool, start darning by working under dot No. 1 in first row, cross diagonally and work under dots 4 and 6 in second row, then back and under dots 3 and 5 in first row, under dots 6 and 8 in second row, back and under dots 7 and 9 in first row. Repeat working in this way which results in a row of diagonal stitches of wool on the right side of the net.

Be very careful in darning not to pull the wool too tight and neither should it be loose, but just of easy tension which will lie flatly on the material.

In the second row as will be seen in detail of diagram, notice that the stitches are run in at an angle to those in the first row.

Beginning to work as in the first row, run under dot No. 1 in third row of dots, cross



NO. 1. DETAIL OF BLOCK PATTERN USED IN MODEL NO. 2 ON OPPOSITE PAGE. NOS. 2 AND 3 CORNER OF BORDER AND BUTTON IN MODEL NO. 1. NO. 4. GIRDLE ON MODEL NO. 2.

and work under dots 4 and 6 in second row, then back and under dots 3 and 5 in third row.

Repeat. The third row is the same as the first row, working under dots in the third and fourth rows on the net.

After the darning is completed, pull the net evenly and pin edge out, right side up, on a sheet.

See that the wool stitches are not too loose or tight in place. Turn net over and press under a damp cloth.

Make up, full bottom of blouse, bind with net. Work a wool band for the bottom as follows: Ch 28 sts, turn. 1 d c in 8th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, 5 more sps, ch 5, turn. Repeat making sps over sps until band is of sufficient length. Join ends together

knitting, one pair No. 5 needles, one pair No. 12 steel needles.

Size—Length of coat about 18 inches, length of sleeves, 8½ inches.

Cast on 70 to 75 sts for bottom of back which should measure without stretching about 18 inches. K 3 rows plain.

4th row—K 9 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 33 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 9 sts.

5th row—K plain.

Repeat these 2 rows decreasing 1 st at the end of each needle in every 20th row, until 65 sts remain on needles. Work until back measures 18 inches.

## Shoulder

K 22 sts. Bind off 21 sts for the neck, k 22 sts, turn. K 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 6 sts.

Alternate knit purled and plain rows for one inch, then increase 1 st at the end of each row on the front or center edge of the coat until 15 sts have been added. Knit all stitches excepting the two purled strips of 4 sts each. Work until front measures 4 inches from the neck line, then on the seam edge of the front, casting on 1 st at the end of every other row until 6 stitches have been added for the arm-hole.

Make front one-half inch longer than back and bind off loosely.

Work the second side to correspond.

## Sleeves

Holding the right side of the back towards one, 4 inches below the shoulder, pick up 1 st between each ridge, along the edge, to the under-arm edge of the right front. K plain for 2 inches, then decrease 1 st every 3rd ridge until 32 sts remain.

## Cuffs

With steel needles rib for 5 inches by k 2, bind off easily.

## Collar

Holding wrong side of coat toward you pick up 22 sts across back of the neck, k 2 rows, pick up 4 sts on the front, k across, pick up 4 sts on opposite front. Turn. Knit back, pick up 2 sts, k across, pick up 2 sts.

Continue to pick up 2 sts, or more sts, on each side if the collar is growing too wide until the edge of the front is reached. Bind off very loosely so edge of collar will not pull.

Plan to finish on the edge of the right-hand front, then without breaking wool, with crochet hook, ch 5, 1 s c in edge, turn, fill ch with singles, fasten off securely.

Five inches below make a second button-hole loop.

## Buttons

Crochet over button-molds or make knitted square of k 1 row, p 1 row large enough to cover molds, as preferred.

Collar rolls back and cuffs turn up half way. after coat has been sewed up on the sides.

## Daffodil Cape

Four to five years' size

Materials required. Ten balls yellow Shetland floss.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

## DAFFODIL CAPE.

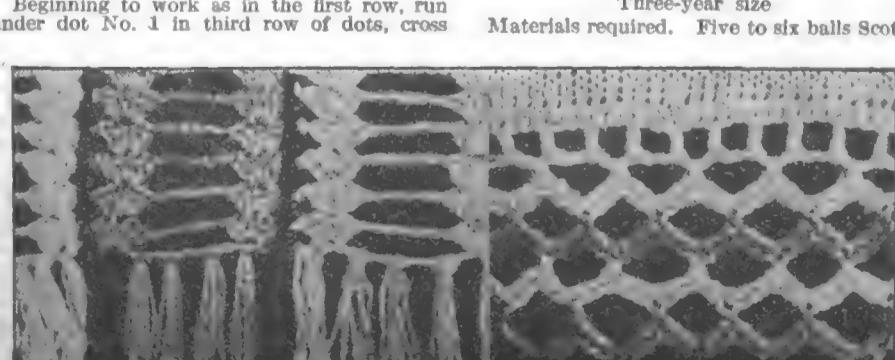
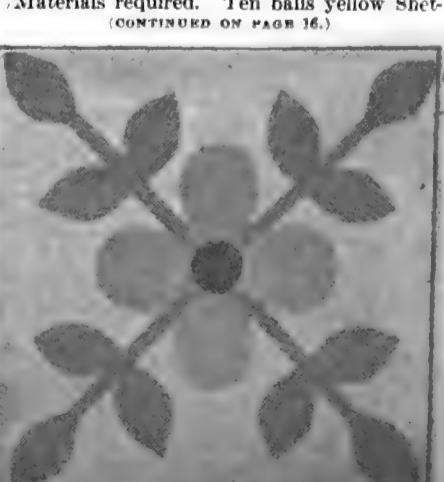
and sew in place. Finish the bottom with 1 row of singles with ch 3 picot in every other space.

The handkerchief collar which is half of a 24-inch square of the net, undarned, and the up turning ruffles on the sleeves, having a finish of the wool. Crochet one row of spaces into the net, after first turning the edges and whipping with wool. Follow spaces with one row of singles and ch 3 picot in every other space.

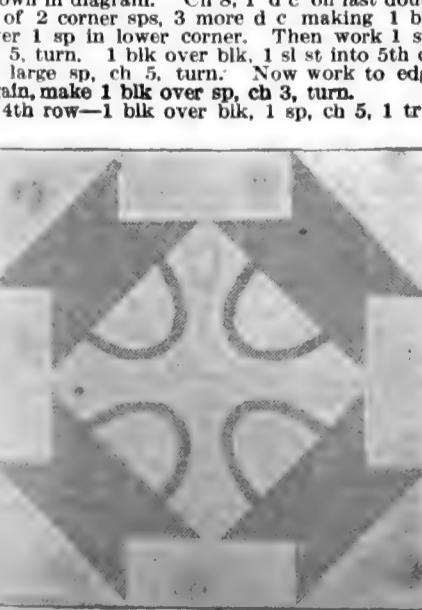
## Little Girl's Knitted Coat

Three-year size

Materials required. Five to six balls Scotch



DETAIL OF CROCHETED OPEN-WORK SCARF. FINISH ON SPORT DRESS NO. 2 ON OPPOSITE PAGE. WILD ROSE APPLIQUE BY EDNA R. NURZBAK.



BASKET DESIGN BY IDA L. SOUTHARD.

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32x3 1/2	6.80	1.50	34x4	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4	9.45	2.70
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30x3 1/2	5.85	1.40	33x4	9.00	2.45
32x3 1/2	6.80	1.50	34x4	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4	9.45	2.70
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Mrs. E. M. T., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless she has sufficient means to provide for her own support; we think the wife's right of support can be enforced against any property the husband may own in case he leaves the state and a court order cannot be enforced against him personally.

Mrs. A. M., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that no woman while married may by will bequeath more than two-thirds of her property away from her husband, that all except noncupative wills must be subscribed at the end thereof by the testator or testatrix, and must be signed in the presence of the attesting witnesses or acknowledged by the testator to them, and that the testator must at the time acknowledge such instrument to be his last will and testament, and that there must be two attesting witnesses who should sign the will as such witnesses in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other. We think you should employ a local lawyer to attend to the drawing of the will and to see that the same is properly signed.

Mrs. R. S., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having no child nor descendants, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances, would receive one-half of the estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters depending upon who is left, if he leaves no kindred within the degrees capable of inheriting the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

Miss K. A. M., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that detail brought to enforce the payment of a promissory note, not under seal, must be brought within three years after the last payment thereon, or other evidence of indebtedness, except in cases where the debtor thereof is under legal disability, or in cases where the debtor absents himself from the state.

E. H. J., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no child nor descendant, and leaving no will, her surviving husband would receive one-half of the real and personal estate belonging to her at her death absolutely, subject to the payment of her debts; if she desires him to receive the whole estate, she should make a will.

Z. P., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife, survivor takes one-half of the community property, and that in the absence of a will, in addition thereto one-half of the decedent's separate property if decedent leaves but one child, but if there is more than one child then the children take two-thirds of each separate estate. The children or descendants of a deceased child taking by representation, and step-children having no interest in their step-parent's estate, unless some provision is made for them by will, and except that in turn they may inherit from their own parent such portion as he or she may receive from decedent's estate.

Mrs. I. L., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendants, his whole estate, subject to the payments of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow.

M. T., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow would, in addition to certain small allowances, receive one-third of the real and personal estate, subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to his child or children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the appointment of an administrator would be necessary for the settlement of the estate, and the widow would be entitled to such appointment.

Mrs. J. W. L., Texas.—Under the laws of Alabama, we do not think you can now recover any portion of your property in that state sold by your father 30 years ago.

Mrs. G. W. D., Texas.—We do not think a child born to a bigamous marriage would have any inheritance rights from the father's estate, unless some provision was made for such child by will. We think the marriage of the man you mention during the lifetime of his wife, from whom he was not divorced, was a bigamous and illegal marriage and that he could be punished for contracting such a marriage.

Miss C. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the taxes upon the property left by your father is assessed against the property and in default of payment your local tax authorities have power to sell the property for such non-payment of taxes; we think if you pay your brother and sisters' share of these taxes you will be entitled to recover from them their share of such taxes.

A. S., Wisconsin.—If the stories your husband's relatives tell about you constitute slander you would, of course, have a legal right to proceed against them, but if the matter is just a family quarrel it might be better to pay no attention to their stories, as if your conduct is beyond reprobation you may be sure your neighbors will sympathize with you, and their stories will do you no real harm.

Mrs. B. W., Kansas.—If the Company from whom you purchased the chickens you mention refuse to either send you the chickens or return your money, we think it will be necessary for you to bring an action against them to enforce your rights in the matter.

J. F., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow in addition to certain allowances, would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate, and one-third of the personal estate, absolutely subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; we think the widow can dispose of her share of the estate in any manner she may see fit, but that as above stated her dower in the real estate is only a life estate.

Miss A. B., Illinois.—As you state your grandfather has sufficient means to provide for his support, we think it proper if you take care of him and support him that you should be paid; we think you should have a definite agreement as to the amount of your pay.

Mrs. B. S., Washington.—If you wish to adopt your deceased sister's children now living with your parents, we think you should make your application to the court setting up all the facts in your petition, and procuring the consent of the children's father, and the consent of your parents if the children now reside with them.

Mrs. M. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow is entitled to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one-third of the per-

sonal estate, absolutely, and if there be no child nor descendant she would receive dower of one-half as own right, if the estate be a new acquisition, as against collateral heirs, but as against creditors one-third; if the estate be ancestral, to one-third the personality absolutely, and a one-third life in lands.

Mrs. M. A. J., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal property of a married woman shall, so long as she may choose, be and remain her separate and under her control, and not subject to the debts of her husband; from your statements we think you would be very foolish to turn any of your property over to your husband.

Mrs. P. W. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of real estate must be brought within fifteen years, except that in cases of existing disabilities this time is extended for various periods depending upon the nature and extent of such disabilities, but in no case is such time extended beyond thirty years; in the case, however, of land which has been abandoned by its record owner a valid title can be acquired in much less time through tax sales of the same.

Mrs. T. S., North Dakota.—It is not the policy of this magazine to answer questions on divorce matters.

Mrs. E. S., Kentucky.—If, as we understand from your communication, the title of the real estate you mention stands in the name of the widow you mention, she can dispose of same as she may see fit without the consent of her children as the use of the words "heirs" in the deed to her only extends to such heirs' right to inherit the land from her in case they survive her and she does not dispose of the property during her lifetime, and dies without a will disposing of same.

H. E., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife, without a will, and leaving no child nor descendant, the whole of the community property, and the whole of the separate personal estate goes to the survivor, but that such survivor would inherit only one-half of the separate real estate, the balance of such real estate going to decedent's parents, brothers, sisters or other heirs depending upon who is left.

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conducted by Cousin Marion

I writing this department always sign your name and give your address if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

**W**e hear and read about June brides but there is never a word about June bridegrooms and I'm sure there must be just as many of them as there are brides. Apropos of bridegrooms here is a little nonsense-poem I shamelessly borrowed from the Ladies' Home Journal, just because it amused me and because I thought it might amuse someone else.

"Said a bridegroom, a trifle blase,

"I wonder if marriage will pay."

"Well," he thought with a smile,

"As he walked up the aisle,

"Twill break in my new shoes anyway."

—Carolyn Wells.

**G. KENTUCKY.**—I can't advise you to act trary to your mother's wishes but neither could I advise you if you did. She promised her consent your marriage if you would wait one year and months, and she should keep her promise. You have antagonized (much nicer word than riled) by talking too much about it. Let the matter until the end of that time and see if she doesn't do gracefully, provided you are still of the same mind. But don't get married if you are only sixteen or seventeen years old. You didn't give your

**YOUNG WIFE, NEW JERSEY.**—My dear woman, haven't you ever heard that "there is no fool an old fool?" No, I'm not calling your husband a fool; I'd get myself disliked if I did, but wiser men than he have fallen for flattery in a young woman. Middle and old age has a similar effect upon some people. Perhaps if I were a psychologist I might explain it, but I'm not, I just know that it does. A permanent wave or a petticoat suffices for some women while others a step further and indulge in a wild love affair, usually with a young man, all depending upon the time and circumstances of each individual. I hate to admit, even to themselves, that they are growing old and their vanity is so great that even a little attention from a young woman concerns them they are regular young fellows, one the boys, when all the time their rheumatism is telling them differently, but what's rheumatism to a final fling at youth? Of course your husband loves you, the years together of your married proves that. Don't take him so seriously but think him and with him over his flirtation and thankful that it is no worse. Remember, "men only boys grow tall," and you wouldn't have minded if your little boy, or any little boy, made eve he was a soldier or anything else, would you? Your husband was just making believe he was young and fascinating. Any woman could be flattered him while he was in that frame of mind, and he wasn't a bit in love with this particular woman but just in love with himself. Don't worry you any more. Be glad that he has it out of his system and can settle down to a sensible old age.

**ANNIE, NORTH CAROLINA.**—Are you the "General Annie" of springtime fame? So glad to know.

It is unfortunate that you told this girl so many of your secrets and now that she isn't your friend, she should tell them to others. Don't be helped, only to teach you a lesson. Remember this:

"Never get too intimate  
With your friends,  
They may some day  
Be your enemies;  
Never be too hard  
On your enemies,  
They may some day  
Be your friends."

**R. ARKANSAS.**—If you are five feet tall and weigh 125 pounds, you weigh enough and shouldn't any fatter unless you are ambitious to be a fat y in a circus. You really weigh too much however, I can send you a list of fattening foods you insist. (2) It is customary to wait until you receive a reply before writing again but if you have reason to believe your first letter was never received, it would be proper to write again. A boy can be a Christian without being a goody-good, you dislike that kind why do you write to him?

**MARJORIE, TENNESSEE.**—It is impossible for me to fathom the workings of this boy's mind but of the opinion that if he cared very much for me he would call again and not be content to get information second hand. A warmed over love is something like a warmed over popover, it may be that he has never ceased to love you, either or not you receive the attentions of another man during the absence of your fiance is nothing you and he will have to decide for yourselves. I'm a firm believer in equal rights myself we go around with other girls when is away on you?

**Three Sauce Pans  
of Pure Aluminum**



Reward No.  
9183

**or Only Three Subscriptions**

COMFORT's host of housewives and cooks who like a clean, silver-bright appearance of aluminum will delight in preparing their meals with this handsome three-piece set of pure aluminum sauce or cooking pans. No housewife ever seems to have too many sauce pans around the kitchen and with such useful sizes as 1 1/2 and 2 quart—she will hardly get a meal which she does not use one or more of them.

Everyone knows how light in weight pure aluminum but how obstinately it resists wear. The aluminum in this three-piece set which we illustrate weighs less than a pound but it is heavy enough and thick enough to give years of steady service. They are seamless, sanitary, and easy to keep clean, and will not crackle, split, or peel.

You will like the handles too. Notice how convenient they are and how firmly they are riveted to the pan.

It will take you but a few minutes to get this set. You will enjoy using it for years. The following special offer makes it easy for you.

**Given To You!** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you free by parcel post prepaid, three Aluminum Sauce Pans. Reward No. 9183.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## COMFORT

**ANNEBUT, PA.**—Since he worries you by being untruthful you had better put him out of your mind. Worry means ill health and wrinkles, and no man is worth either. (2) There are ways of changing the shape of noses—so the advertisements say—but I can't vouch for them personally. I'm not so keen about the shape of my own nose, but so long as it continues to smell for me and doesn't sneeze too often, I'll let it remain as it is. Better leave yours alone. I like turned up noses; they are so religious, always looking toward Heaven.

**SWEET WILLIAM, GEORGIA.**—Thanks for the kind wishes, but I don't want a nice bachelor or widower to bring me a box of candy Sunday or any other day. I might consider a string of pearls, or an automobile or a diamond ring or some trifle like that, but no man is going to waste my time talking about himself and expect to make it right with a box of candy. I can get all the candy I want in the five and ten cent stores and besides, it makes me fat and I don't eat it anyway. You are too anxious to get man and thus frighten him away. Try being indifferent, a little diffident, retiring, and see if the men will follow you; they like to chase. It won't drive them away as quickly as being too sweet to them. It is the man that counts, not how near or how far away he is. I hope there isn't any chance of a man from a matrimonial agency coming to see you. You'll get yourself in a fine mess if you fool around with matrimonial agencies.

**MILDRED, WISCONSIN.**—Bashfulness may be an obstacle, as you say, but it is one you are not likely to encounter. I don't know what you mean by "stepping" but whatever it is I don't approve of it if you have to meet a boy secretly in order to "step." Why all the secrecy if your mother has no objection to you having boy callers at your home? You are years too young, but if she thinks it is all right I don't suppose I can say anything. Don't fool yourself into thinking that "mother" will like you because "son" does. When mother's heart is set on another girl for son, and you take her place, she isn't going to receive you with open arms, take you to her heart and all that sort of thing that we read about but seldom see. She may grow to like you. If you were older I would say have nothing more to do with him until he was willing to brave his mother's displeasure and meet you openly, but because of your extreme youth the affair is likely to be a thing of the past by the time this is printed.

**BLACKIE AND BROWNIE, NEW MEXICO.**—I wish girls would give the nationality of the man involved when they ask about marrying foreigners. There are foreigners and foreigners. The men you mention seem all right, on paper, but I'd want to know more about them before advising you further. At any rate don't act hastily. Better to wait a year or two and be sure than to marry soon and be sorry ever after.

**PAT, N. CAROLINA.**—I realize that, living in a small town, you will get yourself talked about if you go around with more than one fellow, but that is to be preferred rather than marrying the wrong man just because he got to be a habit. You needn't overdo the matter by having a different one every night, but just enough to keep you from settling down to a unit until you find the right one.

**DADDY'S PET, VIRGINIA.**—You asked seven questions—too many, so I'll answer the one that interested me most. "Is it proper for a girl to love her fellow's neck while he is driving the car or let him love her while she drives?" I can understand loving a fellow's eyes or his wavy hair or his collar or chin, but his neck—ugh—with a horrid Adam's Apple playing tag with itself all up and down it!

There's no accounting for tastes, and if you do show such poor judgment as to love his neck, why not be constant in your misplaced affections and love it when he isn't driving or can't you see it so well when the car is in motion? As for the girl driving while the fellow makes love to her, it is dangerous. Better stop the car—that may be dangerous too, but it doesn't involve the lives of pedestrians and other automobileists. By the way, the accent is on the "mo" and not the "bil" as so many people say it. (2) A boy sits beside a girl, not beside her. Be more careful of your grammar as well as of your morals.

**LUCY, ABE; L. C. W., KY.; FRECKLES, MO.; BLUE BIRD, KY., AND BARBARA, VIVIAN AND SHIRLEY, TEXAS.**—Your questions have been forwarded to the Etiquette Department for answer. That's where they belong. I'm long on morals but short on some of the finer points of etiquette. I always remember to say, "Thank You" though.

**ETHEL, ILLINOIS.**—Three moves in three weeks would mean a delay in mail, unless you were most careful about giving forwarding addresses. It would be proper to write a short letter explaining the situation.

**1, NORTH CAROLINA.**—You are too young to get married, and even if you were older you shouldn't marry a man, in whom you have so little faith. A number of wives lose faith in their husbands after marriage, but think how sad it must be not to have any to lose. Think of all the pleasures you'd lose by not being able to be miserable.

**MATTIE, ARK.**—It is difficult to drive any man, and a husband most of all, but most of them can be led if it is gone about in the right way. If he won't go out with you, talk to him kindly and effect a compromise. If a man is wise he will go out with his wife if she wants him to. It doesn't take long for her to get so she doesn't care whether he goes or not.

**PEWDROP, HAWAII.**—If you really love him and he has apologized sufficiently, don't let your foolish pride stand in the way of your happiness. Take him back and marry him if you find he is worth while. But don't get the idea that you aren't worthy of him. That's all nonsense. Imagine sending advice to Hawaii. I wish I could send myself instead. Have always wanted to go there. Maybe I shall someday. Who knows?

**BLUE AND BROWN EYES, WYOMING.**—Most assuredly it isn't worth while trying to regain the love of a man who deserts you two months before your marriage to him. Be thankful it happened two months before and not two months after.

Sincerely yours,  
COUSIN MARION.

### Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at \$50. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at \$50. If a longer notice is required send one \$50 subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted the address of any of the Henry Doyle family last heard of in Colorado. Please notify Mrs. John W. Doyle, Ray, Indiana.

Will someone who knows the whereabouts of my brother Arnold Dertinger, please write to his sister Anna. Mrs. Mike Dominick, Pukwana, S. D.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Samuel Packingham, aged 76, from Celina, Ohio, please notify his sister Elizabeth Packingham White, Eugene, 593 West 8th Ave., Oregon.

Would like to find my father Ned Halson, or any of my mother's people. She was a Sullivan and was adopted in 1882 or 1883 by F. C. Farnam of Chicago. Please notify Mrs. Lizzie Sisson, Los Angeles, 1308 W. 74th Street, Calif.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George Gann last heard of during the Civil War, please notify his daughter Mrs. Sarah Daffron, Huntingdon, Ark.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Lou DeLancey, who left Greensboro, or proximity, Dec. 1921, please notify his mother Mrs. W. P. DeLancey, Greensboro, N. C.

James O. Smith disappeared from Plain City, Ohio, before the Civil War. Information of him or his descendants will be appreciated. Kindly notify Montie Hood, Hendersonville, Box 736, N. C.

Big trouble with a lot of fellows is that they go through life on the cafeteria plan—they're interested first, last, always and only in serving themselves. —The Pudding.

## The Famous WING

Founded 1868 Richest in Tone 55th Year

At Factory Price — Direct To You!

**\$345**

Wing Pianos and Player Pianos sent direct on free trial till Sept. 1st in your home. Enjoy and test it to prove you save \$150 to \$300. 40 year guarantee. 25 styles of Wing Pianos and

Players to choose from. Thousands in use throughout U. S. We will refer to owners near you. Easy terms, or—annual savings for cash besides the savings of dealer's profits and his expense. Write

at once for our offer of a free trial in your home till Sept. 1st, 1923, and The Book of Complete Information about Pianos sent you FREE. 140 pages (16 in full color). Write now and get it free; with our reduced, bedrock, factory prices and free trial offer.

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One of our 36 styles  
Also Player Pianos and Grands  
9th Avenue and 13th St. New York



Comfort's  
Information  
Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address. But we will print only initials if so requested.

**Mrs. W. L. G., Inman, S. C.**—If sisters' children are first cousins, you will readily see that the children of these first cousins will bear to each other the relationship of second cousins. The next generation would be third cousins, and so on down the years.

**L. D., Trion, Ga.**—As your violin is stamped "German Manufacture," you can feel certain that it is not the work of that old master fiddle maker of Italy, Stradivarius. The inscription placed on the inside of the instrument is doubtless playfully or fraudulently inserted to give an appearance of age to the violin and delude the inexpert or credulous buyer.

**Mrs. R. G., Beaumont, Texas.**—You live in a large and thriving city, and we feel sure that the laboratory of one of your local high schools would be able to pass upon any stone or pebble you wish identified as to its composition and value. Ask the principal of the school about this. If your specimen is beyond the school's range in mineralogy, he will be able to tell you where to send your specimen.

**Mrs. M. P. R., South Carolina.**—You may address Henry Ford at Dearborn, Michigan. (2) Because of his advanced age, John D. Rockefeller spends the greater part of his time in seclusion at his country place at Pocantico Hills, N. Y. A letter so addressed will reach him, or rather the hands of his secretary.

**Miss I. T., Waverly, Iowa.**—Your Commissioner of Charities in your state, or other like official, would be the proper authority from whom to obtain a list of the children's homes in your section of our big country.

**Mrs. C. H. T., Geddes, S. D.**—As we have often stated here, there has developed a flourishing trade in the making of fraudulent "old violins." These are marked with an inscription which is calculated to make the credulous buyer believe he is obtaining an instrument which is the handiwork of one of the old masters of violin-making. As the famous Italian maker Stradivarius is the best-known of these old-time craftsmen, it is his name which most often appears. The fact is that there are only about thirty genuine Strads remaining in existence, and these are all in the hands of collectors and museums. We believe that your violin is only another of the many faked instruments concerning which we hear every month from some of COMFORT's readers.

**Mrs. N. A., Melissa, Texas.**—Our present method of reckoning time, known as the Gregorian Calendar, was introduced into England and her colonies in 1752. There is now a difference of thirteen days between the new way of reckoning and the old Julian Calendar. This variation was but eleven days when the change was made in 1752, and September 3 was called September 14 by the new time-fixers. We are unable to tell you where you might obtain a copy of a calendar bearing the old reckoning. These are doubtless rather scarce articles today. (2) February 22, 1790, was a Monday. E. J. M., Okemah, Okla.—See reply to Miss I. T., Waverly, Iowa, in this column.

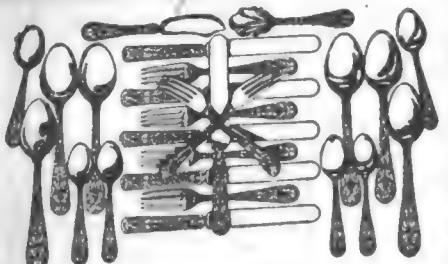
**Mrs. G. E. J., Elva, Ky.**—You could not be successful in "painting glass" and making by this means a homemade mirror. The silverying of a mirror is a difficult job requiring expert hands and the use of expensive materials. This is why a good quality looking-glass cannot be cheaply purchased.

**LITTLE BOY, PONTOTOC, Miss.**—Of the four states you mention, Arkansas is the only one having any vacant public land at this time. There are some 257,000 acres of this, but none of these acres are in the location you wish. The U. S. Land Office controlling the land nearest your requirements is located at Harrison, Arkansas. Write to the Register there for rules governing entry of such lands by homesteaders.

**A Subscriber, Broadlands, Ill.**—As you mailed this watch, as you say, by insured parcel post, and you still have your receipt given by the postmaster at the time of mailing, you should be able to recover on the lost package. Have you taken this matter up with your local post office in the way we state. We cannot understand how your postmaster can say he "can do nothing" if you mailed your package insured. If he will not help you, write to the Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C.

**Mrs. J. L. R., Mexia, Texas.**—We think your newly organized sewing club can dispense with the appointment of a chairman at meeting when the president of the club is present and could preside. In such an informal organization as your social club will really be, the president's duties would be slight. She would preside over the meetings, announce future places and times of gatherings, would offer topics affecting the club for discussion and vote, etc. The secretary's duties would amount to little more than sending out notices of meetings, and if these are arranged for at a previous gathering this will become almost superfluous. We are taking for granted that no minutes of your meeting will be kept, as your club is one of handiwork. You would need a treasurer, however, if you are to have a system of dues and fines, as your letter states. We think your initiation fee rather small, and also the sum you have decided upon as fine for absence. Surely a treasurer's duties would be slight if you hold to these small amounts! Accumulated funds might be dispensed, we think, in some social gathering the club might give, or they could be used for charitable purposes. Your club is a good idea; you are undertaking its organization in a businesslike manner, and we wish you success.

## 26-Piece Table Set



GIFT NO. 7625

## Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.

## Sterling Silver Ring!



Set With Your Own Birthstone. Your Choice For A Club Of Only Two!

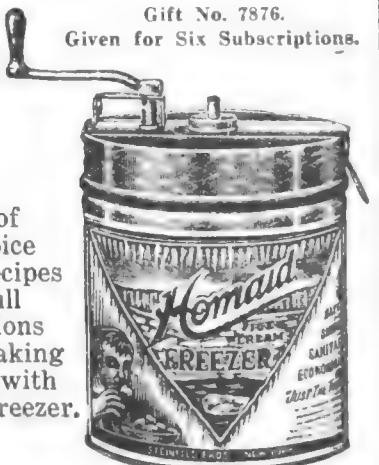
THESE handsome silver birthstone rings are the very latest. Every woman or girl who wants to be in style should wear one. Each ring is guaranteed sterling silver, with attractively designed open work, beautifully executed and finished. The birthstones are perfectly cut, unusually deep, with that rare brilliancy so seldom found except in rings of the very highest quality. The twelve different stones and their corresponding months are as follows:

January, Garnet; February, Amethyst; March, Bloodstone; April, Diamond; May, Emerald; June, Agate; July, Ruby; August, Nardonyx; September, Sapphire; October, Opal; November, Topaz; December, Turquoise.

Heretofore the prices of solid silver rings have been too high to permit us to make an offer of this kind and it is only by a fortunate purchase of a large quantity of them taken in one lot that we are able to make the offer now. Don't delay if you want one of these handsome and stylish rings—we may not be able to secure any more of them at a reduced price. We will send you your choice of these rings if you will send us two subscriptions.

## Make Your Own Ice Cream Two Quart Freezer

Gift No. 7876.  
Given for Six Subscriptions.



Book of 21 choice iced recipes and full directions for making comes with each freezer.

Ice Cream! Who in all America—summer or winter—doesn't relish a heaping dish of sweet, cool, velvety ice cream? And Sherbet! Just think of the pleasure of having all you want and whenever you want it. You can. This compact two-quart freezer will make enough cream in five or ten minutes to appease that ice cream hankering of a dozen hungry mouths. Really it's no trouble to make ices with this freezer.

Ice Pail is made of heavily galvanized iron. Cream container and dasher are of retinned steel. Capacity two quarts. Rapid, Simple, Sanitary. Economical. Send for it today. Enjoy it for years.

## Sterling Silver Thimble

Gift No. 1552  
Given for Two Subscriptions

Every woman who uses a needle needs one of these sterling silver thimbles. Long wear and service are brought into every one. Comes in sizes from 5 to 12. Take a look at some old thimbles and tell us what size you want. Surely there's a place for a bright new thimble in your workbasket.



## How would you like to have some of the Presents shown on this page?

Every year COMFORT sends out thousands of presents like these shown on this page to people who send in subscriptions for the magazine.

Have you ever received presents like these? Anyone can get them. It is so easy, so pleasant, so interesting! You can do it yourself. Today.

Look over the gifts pictured; pick out something you need or would like to have for your home or family and then ask a few friends to subscribe to COMFORT. Show them the magazine. Tell them what in it appeals to you. Collect 50c for each year's subscription. Subscribe for it yourself.

Send us 50c for each subscription which you take. We, in return, will send COMFORT for a full year to each subscriber and we will send you your choice of any gift to which the number of your subscriptions entitles you.

There, that is all you need to do. You too, can be one of the thousands who profit by our rewards. Why not start a club today before some one else gets ahead of you?

ADDRESS COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

P. S. We have just issued a new Gift Book containing a complete list of all our rewards for club raisers. It's free. Send for a copy.



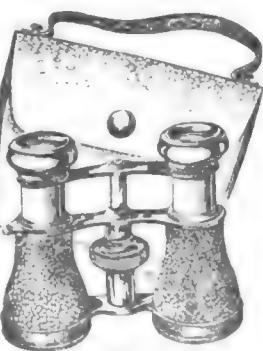
## The Latest Vanity Case

Reward No. 1152

## For A Club Of Two

THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although common known as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fisherman, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible.

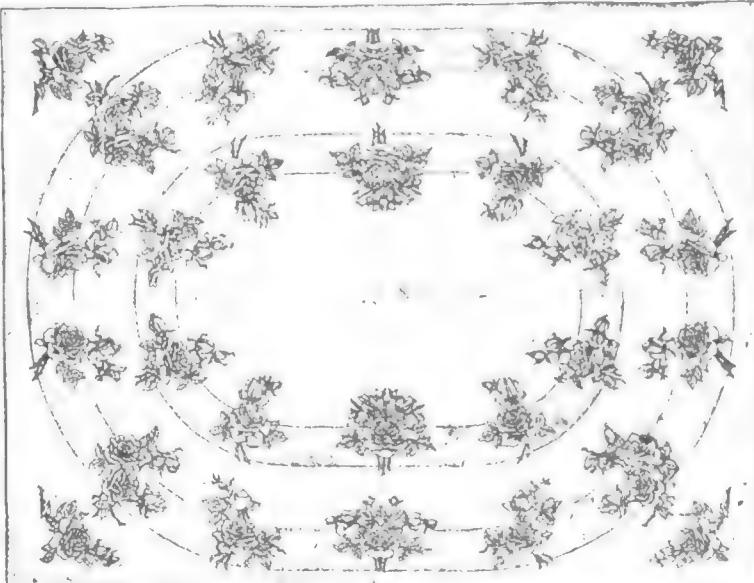


GIFT NO. 1232

Given for Two Subscriptions.

## Serviceable Linen Finish Table Cloth

Extra Large Size—72x90 inches



GIFT NO. 73712

GIVEN FOR TWELVE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In these days when the price of cotton is jumping up 10 and 20 per cent. over night our club raisers will find great satisfaction in getting, through our generous club offer, one of these handsome rose-design table cloths. This cloth has been satin-finished so that it not only looks like linen but actually feels and hangs like linen. And this finish will last, too. The cloth is compactly woven of strong cotton yarns bleached to a snowy whiteness. Size is 72-90 inches. Can be used on square or round tables. Selvaged edges on two long sides.

## Full concert-toned HARMONICA

Gift No. 1662

GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Every boy, and many of the men folks, too, will get pecks of fun and entertainment from this extra full-toned mouth organ. Each side has 24 double holes—48 bronze reeds. Really it is two harmonicas in one with a different key on each side. At parties, dances and in your own family circle you can have no end of enjoyment with it. Length 6 1/2 inches. Heavy nickel sides. Packed in fancy box.



TWO HARMONICAS IN ONE.  
A Different Key on Either Side.



THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

## 3-Piece Toilet Set

Gift No. 7635

GIVEN FOR FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THESE does not live a girl whose heart fairly jumps with joy at the sight of this dull black finish Toilet Set.

The Brush is nine inches long, 2 1/2 inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back, with a thin clear, finely beveled glass set in an ebony frame. The Comb is seven inches 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Mirror and Brush have a handsome shield on the back for monogram or initials.

This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror are in a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely if you will send us the five subscriptions.

Gift No. 1132

GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

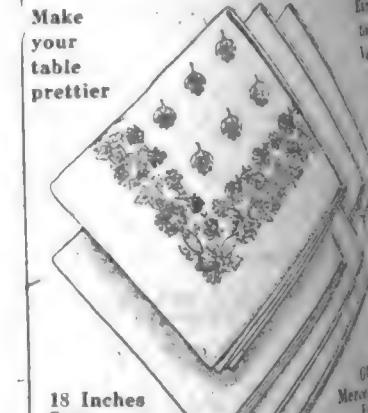
EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortments—a needle for every need—142 in all. In a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 73 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darning, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel atlético, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needles, 2 medium yarn darning, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darning, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darning—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5x11 inches in size when open and 3x5 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gauged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. This is a rapid needle threader which makes the thread needle quickly and easily.



## Six Snowy White Napkins

Make your table prettier



18 Inches Square

Gift No. 8294

SIX GIVEN FOR FOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Before selecting these napkins for our service we compared price and quality of many. We will be sure to get only the highest grade serviceable quality. In this gift we will send a napkin that is good enough for the best dining room when they bring out the best dishes. They are made of carefully selected and woven cotton yarns compactly woven with a finished edge. Each napkin when cut and finished will be 18 inches square. Two sides come with a selvedge edge. We do not know how long we will be able to offer these six napkins on such liberal terms. We recommend that you send in your order at once.

EVERYTHING GIVEN TO YOU

You can have any gift on this page you will send us the required number of subscriptions. Look the gifts over and your selection and then send us the number of yearly subscriptions for 50c a year. If a gift calls for one subscription that subscription counts one in any club of two or more. Your own subscription that counts one in any club of two or more. All gifts sent free and prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# New Way to Rid Poultry of Lice

Rev. G. R. Mente Tells of Amazing Discovery Which Keeps Hens and Chicks Free From All Vermin

"I have used your remarkable Lice and Mite Remedy with fine results," writes Rev. G. R. Mente, Methodist Parsonage, New Washington, Ohio. "It has put a stop to the poultry losses in the community. You are a great benefactor to poultry raisers."

## Lice and Mites Go Like Magic

This amazing new discovery is Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy. Comes in condensed liquid form, to be used in fowls' drinking water, a few drops at a time. No more Dusting, Spraying or Greasing.

Makes Lice, Mites, Ticks, Fleas, Blue Bugs and other vermin positively leave fowls like magic. Renders entire flock, old and young, immune to these expensive pests. Equally good for Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys, Geese and Pigeons. Guaranteed not to affect eggs or flesh of fowls in any way. Makes Hens, Pullets and Chicks healthier, sturdier and grow faster. A splendid summer egg tonic and blood purifier. More than 100,000 Poultry Raisers now keeping their flocks free from vermin, this new easy way.

### You Can Get Yours Free (Regular \$1.00 Size Bottle)

Imperial Laboratories, the manufacturers, are now making a Special Introductory Offer whereby you can obtain, absolutely free, a season's supply, for the average size flock, of this amazing new Lice and Mite Remedy.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address to Imperial Laboratories, Dept. 7618, Kansas City, Mo., and they will send you by return mail, two regular \$1.00 bottles of Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy (double strength). When the package containing the regular \$2.00 quantity arrives, pay the postman only \$1.00 and a few cents postage. Use one yourself to rid your own flock of these pests, and sell the other to a neighbor—thus getting yours free. Or, a large size Trial Bottle for only 50¢.

### Special To Large Users

If you have a large flock, or have neighbors who wish to go in with you, this Special Introductory Offer applies on 4 of the regular \$1.00 size bottles, at an additional saving. A large size Trial Package of Imperial White Diarrhea Tablets, included Free. Just state you want the regular \$4.00 quantity, for only \$1.75. Ringers risk no money, as Imperial Laboratories are fully responsible and nationally known distributors of poultry remedies. They will refund the cost on any of the above quantities ordered, promptly on request, any time within 30 days.

### 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL \$10 Worth of Records FREE

Simply wonderful! The limit of your giving! Just think! AGENUINE INSTRUCTOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as \$2 A MONTH in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases, equipped with the finest worm gear motors, rich-toned machines—at least half the standard prices—and \$10 worth of records FREE.

#### Send No Money

Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity.

DAVIS, Dept. D-2, 314 W. 43rd ST., CHICAGO

**GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR**

Double safety automatics, double accurate and of the finest blue steel, offered at a bargain to make new customers. Shoot all standard American cartridges.

No. 48 110, 25 calibre, 7-shot automatic, a real \$23.00 value, special at \$7.50.

No. 48 120, .32 calibre, 10-shot automatic, a real \$26.00 gun, special \$10.75. EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE WITH EACH GUN.

Pay postman when delivered plus postage. **MONEY BACK AT ONCE IF NOT SATISFIED.**

WM. WARD CO., Dept. 4S, 1269 Broadway, N.Y.

**ABSOLUTELY Free**

To everyone who sends for our big illustrated brush catalog we will send absolutely FREE a Superior Vegetable Gift Brush. The brush has dozens of household uses—it cleans vegetables, fish, meat, pots, pans, etc. Send 6c in stamps to cover postage. Brush will come by return mail. **ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

SENIOR BRUSH COMPANY, Dept. 14, Hartford, Conn.

## COMFORT

### Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

The chick as a whole appears more or less anaemic and emaciated, the muscles of the wings, breast and legs may be almost completely wasted away.

#### Summary of Points to be Remembered

1.—The original source of infection is the ovary of the mother hen.

2.—Eggs from infected hens contain the organism in the yolks.

3.—Chicks produced from infected eggs have the disease when hatched.

4.—The disease may be spread through the medium of infected food and water. Hence normal chicks may acquire it by picking up infected droppings, or food contaminated thereby.

5.—Infection from chick to chick cannot, apparently, take place after they are three or four days of age.

6.—As a rule, infected chicks make less satisfactory growth than those that are apparently normal. For some time they appear stunted and weak, but may eventually undergo more or less complete development.

7.—The female chicks which survive often harbor the infection and may become bacillus carriers. Infection in the breeding pens is perpetuated in this manner.

8.—In all probability infection does not pass from adult to adult.

9.—Infected hens are apparently poor layers, especially in their second and subsequent laying periods.

#### Practical Suggestions

It is of the greatest importance that the poultryman learns to recognize bacillary white diarrhea, both through external symptoms and post-mortem appearances of diseased chicks. The mere discharge of whitish material from the vent is not in itself proof that the chicks are affected with this special disorder.

Infected hens should be eliminated from the breeding pens. Such elimination is made possible by pedigree records of chicks. If the eggs from the different pens are hatched separately, and the chicks segregated for the first few days, it will soon be made apparent from the condition of the chicks, which pens contain infected hens. This may prove effectual in cases where infection has not become general. To determine which individual hens are infected, the trap nest should be used, and the same general producer followed.

Another possible means of determining infection of breeding hens is the direct examination of the ovaries. It is entirely practicable through an opening in the side of the bird similar to that made in caponizing. Where the abnormal condition is marked it may be easily detected.

In case infection exists, and it is not practicable to determine the breeders which are infected, the entire flock should be discarded for breeding purposes, and eggs for hatching secured from flocks which have been tested and found free from disease.

As to the means of preventing infection from chick to chick, keep the incubator dark from the time the chicks commence to hatch, as that will prevent them picking at the droppings, and then keep the chicks in small flocks for the first four days.

Since infected chicks make unsatisfactory development for the first few weeks, and may later regain vigor and make fair growth, it is advisable to select at an early age those intended for breeding purposes. The selection may be made when the chickens are from eight to ten weeks of age, reserving only those which show the greatest vigor and development.

Food and water should be supplied in such a manner as to prevent contamination from infected droppings. The use of fine absorptive litter in the brooder, especially for the first few days, is also advisable.

The feeding of sour milk may prove very effective as a preventive measure. The milk must be fed early, or during the infection stage. After the white diarrhea organism has entered the general circulation such treatment is of little or no value. Hence, sour milk should not be looked on as a cure, but only as a possible preventive.

#### Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

F. M.—This is a very odd case. You say that each time you have brought a fresh lot of hens on the place, their eggs would be all right for a time, but that later they have all laid eggs with such an offensive odor that you could not use them. You don't tell me what you feed. Is it possible that you have been using fish or meat scraps which have been kept too long? Perhaps, as the birds have been on free-range, they find some strong scented weed. Is there any great quantity of wild onion on the farm? Does the outbreak of bad eggs always occur at the same season of the year? If so, it may be caused by some commercial fertilizer that you are using on the land. I should like very much to hear from you again. Try and give me some general information about how you feed, and some drinking water the birds have access to when at large.

J. R. M.—Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes in a quart of water. Stir until dissolved, and keep in a bottle for use. To treat the birds, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with two tablespoonsfuls of water. Bathe the head, and spray the mouth and throat. If you have no means of spraying, take a stiff wing feather, thoroughly wet it with the diluted lotion, and swab the bird's mouth and throat, allowing some of it to drop into the eyes, and the two small holes at the base of the bill. To prevent contagion spreading, remove all the infected birds and confine them by themselves.

M. W.—I think that this must have been a very severe outbreak of fungoid, which sometimes develop among birds which have been given too much rich, starchy food. Once established, it quickly passes from bird to bird. You were very wise to take the trouble in hand at once, and your treatment was good, though rather severe. If you have any further trouble of a like nature, instead of coal oil, use permanganate of potassium or carbolic vaseline. Read answer to J. R. M.

H. H.—The birds would have been all right for table use, for, without doubt, the small scab which you describe, was nothing but the result of some injury to the outer skin over the crop. As you say that two of the other roosters had the same sort of scabs in about the same position, I advise you to look over the roosts or any place they are in the habit of flying up to that has caused the trouble.

A. F. W.—Clean and whitewash coops, use a good insect powder on the birds themselves. Give them three applications, with three days between each. Read the article at the beginning of the department this month.

F. J.—Very few people try hatching goose eggs in incubators, for it is usually not successful in the ordinary small incubator. It is better to trust the first eggs to a motherly old hen, and let the geese set on the later ones. If, however, you are determined to try the incubator, heat it up the same as for hen's eggs, but the length of time the eggs are cooled each day should be much longer.

After the eighteenth day, they should be cooled until a thermometer placed on the eggs will register 85 or even 80. When the eggs begin to pip the temperature in the incubator may run up to 106 or 107, because the animal heat from the goslings' bodies is so much greater than that from chicks. There will be no danger so long as it does not go above 107. Goose eggs require a great deal more moisture. As you have a hygrometer, supply a sufficient amount of moisture to keep it from one to two degrees higher than when incubating hen's eggs. When the machine is filled with hen's eggs, the hygrometer should register 75 degrees of moisture the first week; the second week 70 or a little under; third week from 48 to 50 degrees; the nineteenth day about 44 degrees.

R. S. D.—Wyanottes, Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rocks are all good general purpose birds. I cannot recommend breeders in this column.

### The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Hollyhocks ..... 4.30 tons

10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Manchus ..... 4.69 tons

Judging from these tests, it is apparent that when the seeding rate for either soy beans or peas is increased to more than 2 bushels per acre, the hay crop shows a decrease of from one-fourth to one-half a ton or more. Seeding 2 bushels or slightly less gives the highest yields. From the standpoint of economy lighter seeding is also best.

#### How Much Feed?

The cost of feeding farm animals is a subject discussed wherever and whenever farmers get together. Due to varying prices of grain and hay in different parts of the country, and at different seasons of the year it is impossible to give accurate data in dollars. But it is possible to give facts relative to the amounts of feed required to fatten a carload of cattle, hogs or sheep, for example. This matter has received the careful attention of the Department of Agriculture, which has issued the following statement:

Six hundred bushels of corn and seventeen tons of hay fatten 250 lambs weighing 55 pounds each, bringing them to an average selling weight of 80 pounds. A double deck carload holds 250 lambs.

The amount of feed required to increase the weight of 70 hogs—a carload—from 100 pounds to 200 pounds is 450 bushels of corn and 2,750 pounds of tankage or fish meal.

To fatten an average carload of 20 steers, weighing 850 pounds, 1,100 bushels of corn, ten tons of alfalfa hay and five tons of straw are required to make an average gain of 325 pounds in 180 days.

#### Grow More Mangels

Heavy yields of succulence of fine quality entitle mangels to far more attention than they now receive on the part of farmers who have cattle to carry over winter. Poultry keepers also can well afford to raise them for winter feed, to be cut in half lengthwise and stuck on spikes in the scratch house where fowls may help themselves in a manner not so wasteful as is the case when fed chopped.

Mangels will grow on any land that will grow potatoes, corn or any of the small grain crops, provided the soil is reasonably fertile and well drained. It is essential that the ground be thoroughly prepared and the field disked and harrowed before planting. The seed is usually sown at the rate of 5 pounds to the acre. When the seed germinates and the plantlets can be seen in the rows, harrow lengthwise of the rows, tilting the teeth of a fine tooth harrow back so that the soil is lightly stirred and the weeds killed without injuring the little plants.

Later thin out the plants to leave one plant every 10 to 12 inches in the row. The work of thinning is very important and should be done when plants have six or eight leaves. Cultivation is important; frequent cultivation is necessary to keep weeds under control and to maintain a loose and friable surface soil that will retain moisture. If grown on a small scale, mangels may be planted in the kitchen garden and handled much the same as table beets, then stored in the cellar or in an empty stall in the barn until needed for use in the poultry house or for cattle feed.

As a supplementary succulent feed for dairy cows, sliced mangels will take the place of corn sludge almost pound for pound. They are palatable, create appetite, promote good digestion and serve to tone up the entire system. From 20 to 25 per day is an average ration, fed twice daily sprinkled with bran or ground oats or some other concentrate.

#### Beware of Exhaust Gases

It is quite generally known that the exhaust gases from internal combustion engines are poisonous. Yet we frequently read in the newspapers reports that somebody has been asphyxiated by remaining in a closed garage or other building while the engine of their automobile was running; exhaust gases, finding no ready outlet through open door or windows, soon make the confined air deadly for those who breathe it. Recently we saw a particularly sad report of the death of a father and little child. The little one went to the garage to "He's Daddy fis a tar". Half an hour later, when the work should have been completed, the man's wife went to the garage to investigate into the cause of the delay. On opening the door she found her husband and child already beyond help—the mute proof of the deadliness of exhaust fumes.

Every owner of a stationary engine or tractor also should know of the dangerous nature of exhaust gases. For real safety, no engine should ever be operated where the gases are exhausted inside a building. They are not only deadly to human beings, but to farm animals as well. Cases are on record where livestock confined in barns have been killed by the fumes from internal combustion engines used for grinding feed or similar purposes, simply because the engine seemed small and harmless, and the owner had not gone to the trouble of connecting the exhaust pipe to the outside.

The remedy in all cases is simple and easy, for all that is necessary is to extend the exhaust pipe through the side of the building and let the gases escape into the open air. Where that plan is not practicable, ample ventilation should be provided by opening doors and windows whenever the engine is used; but the latter method does not always give sufficient ventilation, as a small percentage of the gas is deadly.

The poisonous gas from engine exhaust is usually carbon monoxide. This quick acting and deadly gas has no odor to indicate its presence, if pure; only when exhaust fumes also contain smoke from burning lubricating oil does the air become offensive. Many

# Science's Discovery Routs Chicken Lice

Mineralized Water Gets Rid of Dusting & Spraying—Birds Delouse Themselves. Fine for Baby Chicks and All Poultry.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all commonly accepted methods for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful product keeps the poultry always lice-free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice-Go, which is the name of this remarkable lice remedy, is dropped in the chick's drinking water. Taken into the system of the bird, it comes out through the oil glands of the skin and every louse or mite leaves the body. It is guaranteed to help the hatchability of the eggs and cannot injure the flavor of the eggs or meat. It is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and a little added to the drinking water each month is all that is necessary.

Send No Money—just your name and address to Chas. M. Hick & Company, Dept. 311, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. A card will do. Mr. Hick is so confident that Hick's Lice-Go will get rid of every louse or mite that he will send you two large double strength \$1.00 packages for the price of one. When they arrive, pay postman only \$1.00 and postage. Sell one to your neighbor and get yours free. If you are not absolutely satisfied after 30 days trial, your money will be refunded. This offer is guaranteed by two big Chicago banks, who say that Mr. Hick will do exactly as he agrees without question or argument. Write today before this remarkable trial offer is withdrawn.

WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I have hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth \$1 to \$7 each. Simple outdoor work with my Instructions, plus \$1.00. Send 10¢ (not for postage) for my illustrated Prospectus before sending butterflies. MR. SINCLAIR, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 27, Ocean Park, Calif.



**CHICKS** **REduced PRICES 8c UP.** 14 Varieties. Best laying strains. Sent today for big free catalog and Summer sale prices. Booth Hatchery, Box X, Clinton, Mo.

**CARDS, D. M. MYTHE Co., Newark, Me.** Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free Agents wtd. **ACEY SMITH, Detroit, Mich.**

**FREE CATALOG** of Hundreds of Gifts, Novelties, Half price Agents wtd. **ACEY SMITH, Detroit, Mich.**

**MONEY \$** For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerste, Box 289, Ottawa, Ill.

owners or operators of automobiles, tractors or stationary engines owe a great debt to smoky exhaust fumes, for they perhaps would have been overcome but for the stifling smoke. When carbon monoxide is being exhausted pure and unmixed with smoke into an unventilated building, the victim usually does not know that he is being overcome until he feels himself fainting. Then it is usually too late to reach fresh air or even call for help. Death follows promptly.

Keep these facts in mind. Safeguard the lives of children and farm hands, as well as your own, by seeing that exhaust fumes are always piped to exhaust in the open air.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.



## Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 20 years.

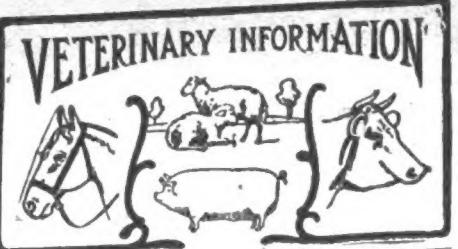
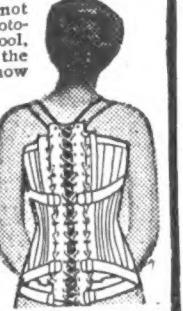
**30 Days' Trial Free**

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

**Send For Our Free Book.**  
If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

**PHILO BURT MFG. CO.**  
854-5 Odd Fellows Temple  
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

**WORMS OF HOGS.**—Please tell me what is the best home remedy for worms in hogs. Do you think lye is good for hogs, or do you think copperas is better? I don't think it pays to give high-priced medicine to hogs. I would rather give home remedies.

practice before arriving at the altar. COMFORT wishes you the best of happiness.

Miss G. M., Summer, Ill.—The technique of etiquette has established that only the bride is congratulated, while the bride is often when for her happiness. Yet to wish happiness for the bride is sufficient, and the most reasonable thing. And proper responses made by a happy and married couple to the wishes and congratulations of friends.

B. Z., Floresville, Texas.—It was an older man with his hat off while talking to ladies when he just met. Today's etiquette does not demand that it is yet a correct and happy manner, as an after result of courtesy! (2). A boy may return his letters and presents after he has said to do so. And whatever he thinks, we are rather sure the girl won't mind a bit. Really are delivered letters the property of the one receiving them? And the same as to gifts—which are usually sent with any string attached to tell all back. Boys must remember this in these times which so sadly occur now and then. They may want letters and presents back, but, as to gifts, are matey demanding them—that is quite natural. Possession is nine points of the law, and does not change with hearts.

**GRAY EYES.** Neb., Ky.—It is rather rare this boy comes to see you and your brother and other relatives. We think that it would be sympathetic of them to give up the room to you and your brother after first greetings are over. (2). If you tell you that it is sure you do not love him, it is the spell cast by Cupid. That active boy has physical disturbances as overpowering as a girl. A girl of eighteen or nineteen might marry a sixteen-year-old boy, but we think a boy of eleven should be old enough to step to the altar in March. It takes most boys some time to grow up. Haven't you noticed this?

**GOLDEN HAIR.** Boatwright, Ky.—A boy is supposed to be capable of getting into his own bed, and a girl should not offer to assist him. On the other hand, etiquette demands that he should shake hands with your boy caller when you meet him at the door of your home.

D. S. and T. H., Mississippi.—Yes, it is permitted that your fiance kiss you and you may send him your photograph. It is best that a girl should not distribute her photos among boys who are more to her than friends or acquaintances, although there is no objection to small and informal snapshots being shared among friends of both sexes. (2). The decorating of a house for a home wedding is affected by the time of year the ceremony is to take place. In the winter one is restricted to green things and potted plants, while in the summer flowers of all sorts may be used to advantage, being careful of clashes or color that would be incongruous. Much can be done at an autumn wedding by the use of foliage, goldenrod, asters, and the natural beauties of the fall of the year. An improvised altar may be most charmingly basking in an autumn wedding ceremony.

**COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS**  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Mary L. Mallett, Whitehouse, Ky. An invalid husband, partly blind, this poor woman struggles along on a hard road with her family of five children. Clothes, shoes and cash are badly needed. James Galloway, Quicksburg, Va. This man and wife have five children and illness has prevented their earning proper support for such a big and hungry family. Give them real help over a small time. Martha Coppell, care of Robert Merring, R 3, Stuart, Va. Here is an old woman who has nobody to help her get the clothes she needs, to say nothing of food and other comforts. A deserving case. Mr. R. Culver, Roxbury, Vt., sends word of gratitude to all those who send him gifts. Also Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C., writes a letter of thanks to the Cousin who particularly to the unknown friend that generously contributed ten dollars from Salmon, Idaho. Good for the Sunflower State!

June stands for Joy! Let us make this true as much as we can for these and other members of our League's shut-in and needy members. We know that somebody is thinking of them and wants to help them, means as much as we help it to such as these who are somewhat shut off from helping themselves. Look about you in this first glad month of the summer—and then start right in distributing some of June's sunlight in places so dark and full of pain that they need a little joy as a sunshower!

Lovingly,

*Uncle Lisha*

**COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS**

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense flock of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote feelings of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is \$1.00, to be sent to COMFORT subscribers. Costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which includes the attractive League button with the letters "G. C. C." and a handsome certificate of membership with your name in the letter list, also a pale-in-white subscription to COMFORT.

You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, no standing to keep your subscription to COMFORT in good standing.

**HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER**

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Ga., with your request to be admitted to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will receive the League button and your membership certificate. If you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members is doubtless the greatest society of young people in the world.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Ga., and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

**Some Difference**

Chauffeur: "Say, Bub, how far is it to Lewisville?"

Boy: "Well, mister, the way you are going now it is just 24,996 miles, but if you turn around it is only four miles."

—Highway Guide

**HOW MANY POUNDS WOULD YOU LIKE TO GAIN IN A WEEK?**

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Laboratories, 3301 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

**FROM MISERY TO COMFORT**

**STRAITOE**

MAKES FEET SHAPELY AND 100% EFFICIENT

STRAIGHTENS TOES

REDUCES ENLARGED JOINTS

BANISHES BUNIONS

**SEEING IS BELIEVING!**  
WEARING IS RELIEVING!

No great length of time—no inconvenience—no discomfort—no pain—no irritation—no special shoes—worn in the shoe—nothing like it on the market—no great outlay.

**\$2.00 Per Pair (Single Foot \$1.25)**

All Men's and Women's Sizes

Your dealer can supply you with STRAITOE, or we will. Accept no substitutes.

Write us for Free Booklet on Foot Troubles

**THE STRAITOE CO., Inc., 341A Fifth Ave., N. Y.C.**

**"DON'T SHOUT"**

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE.

I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

The Morley Phone for the **DEAF**

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

**THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.**

**Don't Wear a Truss**

**BE COMFORTABLE**—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No supports or plasters. Durable, Cheap. Send us \$1.00 to prove it's worth the trouble. **M.R. G. E. BROOKS** Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 1577 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

**The Bee Cell Supporter**

**A BOON TO WOMANKIND**

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or facets render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

**The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 158 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**Gent's Watch and Chain**

**Reward No. 7696**

**For A Club Of Six!**

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time keeper; the movement is simple and reliable; the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only six one-year each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**I**t is a fundamental principle of successful horse production to conserve by all means possible flesh a foal puts on while suckling its dam. The most profitable gain is made in the first 12 months of life. If a foal is stunted then it never makes up the loss. A draft-bred colt that is to make a ton horse must be made to weigh practically 1,000 pounds by the time it is 12 months old. To that end the mare must not be allowed to work too hard, furnish "heated" milk to her foal or dry up before the foal has learned to eat oats and bran, besides good grass or fine hay. It pays to generously feed the nursing mare and to do for the foal to learn to eat oatmeal. Then add a little wheat bran and gradually increase the feed, substituting crushed oat for oatmeal and later allowing sound, whole oats. Don't let the foal run with the mare when she is at work in the field or being driven on the road. Let the mare eat a pound or two of hay when cooling off at noon and strip her udder almost dry at that time before the foal is allowed to nurse.

A good ration for growing purebred draft foals is composed of ground oats, 60 parts; corn meal, 15 parts, bran, 10, and cut alfalfa hay, 15 parts. Of this let the foals clean up all they care to take. Blood worms also cause lack of thrift and more loss of foal flesh than poor feed or inadequate feeding. To prevent them from invading the intestines or doing harm should they gain entrance let the foals help themselves to a mixture of two parts of table salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron, flowers of sulphur and ground gentian and fenugreek, by weight. Here is an even better "lick" to which foals and calves or sheep and lambs may be allowed free access: Salt, 280 parts; dried sulphate of iron, 16 parts; powdered wood charcoal, 12 parts; flowers of sulphur, 8 parts, by weight. Mix and place where it will not be wetted by rain. If the growth of the bony frame of the colts is poor add to the other feed daily two or three ounces of digester tankage containing ground bone, or one ounce of ground bone, ground rock phosphate of lime. Feed clover or alfalfa hay in preference to other roughage.

**BALKY HORSE.**—What would you advise one to do for a balky and kicking horse?

H. E.

A.—There is no certain remedy for balking or kicking. It is usually best to get rid of such horses as life is too short to waste time bothering with them. Detracting the horse's attention is most effective for balking. Pick up a foot and pound lightly on the shoe with a stone or hammer or put one ear under the brow band of the bridle for a time. In bad cases casting and hogtying the balking horse and letting him lie there for an hour or so is an effective remedy. Buckle a 10-inch piece of trace chain to the pastern of the leg with which he does the kicking and he may then quit the vice.

**EYE TROUBLE.**—I would like to know what to do for my sheep. She has a white skunk all over her eyeball.

E. D. C.

A.—Confine the sheep in a darkened stable. Two or three times daily bathe the eye with a saturated solution of boric acid and in the evening put a little bit of one per cent, yellow oxide of mercury ointment in the eye and also smear some on the upper eyelid. Remove any chaff or other foreign object that may have lodged under the eyelid.

**STOCKED LEG.**—Will you tell me what to do for my horse that was wire cut on hind leg, just at knee and the hair has not grown in again. When he stands in the stable for a week his leg stocks up as though it was full of pus.

D. A.

A.—Never let any horse stand for a single day without taking active exercise when there is no work for him to do. Allow the horse a roomy box stall when in the stable, or turn him loose in the shed when not at work. Twice daily rub some 10 per cent, iodine petropon or vesogen into the swollen joint. If that does not prove remedial use a proprietary reducing preparation which you can buy at a drug store.

**THIN MILK.**—I have a cow five years old, that freshened four weeks ago. Her milk doesn't sour, but turns to water after the cream rises. It tastes all right, while sweet. She miscarried two calves between the first and last. She eats well and was on the range all winter, until just before the calf came. Can you tell me what is wrong with her milk? I milked her until she became pregnant with this last calf.

E. W.

A.—The cow absolutely exhausted her stored up materials from which milk is manufactured by being milked up to calving time, and not being generously fed mixed to calving time, and not being generously fed mixed meals and clover or alfalfa hay. She may improve if so fed now, but we fear she has tuberculosis which is incurable and contagious and makes the milk dangerous for use by man or animals. Have the tuberculin test applied by a qualified veterinarian and if she reacts dispose of her in the manner prescribed by state law.

**WART.**—I have a six-year-old mare that has a wart on her nose as large around as one dollar and twice as thick. It cracks and bleeds sometimes. I would like to know what is wrong with this.

F. H.

A.—Do not apply dilute nitric acid or any strong caustic unless that proves necessary. First try the effects of a thick paste of equal quantities of cold pressed castor oil, salt and flowers of sulphur applied two or three times daily. If that fails, after a thorough trial, rub with a lunar caustic pencil two or three times a week, removing the scab each time it loosens. Apply the acid twice a week as a last resort. After applying lard around the part, or have the growth dissected out by a surgeon.

**PIG-EATING SOW.**—When my sow, ten months old, brought pigs she ate them. I moved the pig bed. Could that cause her to eat them and is she likely to do this the next time?

A. B.

A.—Such a sow should be fattened for slaughter as she will be likely to eat her pigs again. Do not allow a sow to eat the afterbirth. That induces an appetite for flesh and the pigs may then be killed and eaten. Allow the sow all the salt she cares to take when she starts to kill her pigs. Feeding salt pork is the popular remedy. Moving the pig bed would not cause it.

W. H. P.

**GAS Cysts.**—What causes air bubbles on the intestines of hogs and what is the remedy for them? In butchering I have found little air bubbles on the intestines.

A.—This condition is common in hogs and does not seem to cause any inconvenience. It is caused by bacteria and there is no specific remedy. Keep hogs in sanitary pens and yards and keep them free from intestinal parasites.

**LAME MARE.**—My mare, six years old, was lame in her left front foot all winter. Her foot seems sound. All I can find is a small ridge about an inch above her hoof.

A.—Wash the part clean; then keep cold wet swabs of felt or cotton waste constantly upon the hoof-head for one month. If the lameness then persists clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister it two or three times, if necessary, with mixture of one dram of powdered cantharides, one dram of binolide of mercury and one and one-half ounces of lard. Rub it in for fifteen minutes, then tie the mare up short. Wash the blister off in forty-eight hours. Then apply a little lard daily. Repeat blisters in two or three weeks.

**OFF-FLAVORED MILK.**—Will you tell me what to do for my cow. She appears to be in good health, but there is a disagreeable odor to her milk and at times her breath is offensive. The milk is slimy.

J. L.

A.—The milk is unfit for any purpose. Garget of the udder probably is present and is due to germ infection. The cow may also be affected with tuberculosis. To determine that you should have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. If she does not react it would be best to dry off the milk secretion and fit her for the butcher.

**GARGET.**—I want information about one of my cows. She will freshen in June. For two months has been unfit for use. It milksropy and lumpy, some of it like clabber and for the

# COMFORT'S Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

## AGENTS WANTED

rents—200% Profit. Wonderful Little cle. Something new; sells like wildfire, right in pocket. Write at once for free pie. Albert Mills, Manager, 8049 American ding, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**e Start You In Business**, furnishing things; men and women, \$50 to \$100 by operating our "New System Candy stores" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. yer Ragdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

**e Start You without a Dollar**. Soaps, Ex-Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience un- necessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

**rents**—\$50 a week taking orders for anted hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Styles and finest line of silk hose. Write outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class Dayton, Ohio.

**rents**—Clean up \$100 weekly with "Nine." Weekly average 100 sales—ar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently demonstrating outfit clinches order. 30% coin-coaxers. All daily necessities. al brings our unique plans. Davis Pro- a Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

**rents**—\$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Auto—Big weekly Bonus—\$1.50 premium to every customer. Simply show our 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., Madison St., Dept. 32-N, Chicago.

hy Not sell us your spare time? \$1.00 per \$1.50 Daily Easy for full time—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery—57 styles, 100. No capital or experience required. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Pay daily, no monthly bonus. Free auto besides. Complete outfit furnished. All re—grades including silks. Mac-O-Che Co., Dept. 2066, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**0% Profit**—Easy seller. Kleanrite. has clothes without rubbing. Samples free. ever Prod. Co., 1947-A Irving Park, Chicago.

**large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents** to complete line of shirts direct to wearers. use patterns. Big values. Free samples. Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

**rents Make \$10 Daily**—Big line guar- Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Goods, Household Necessities. No cap- or experience needed. Free Sample Case Instructions. Write for amazing offer. Lin Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

**rents**—Make 100%, Toilet Articles, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

**rents**: Housewives everywhere delighted new article which removes stains from table linens, etc. Write quick; ter- nion and sample. Make \$2 an hour. Christy, Newark, N. Y.

**art Your Own Business** as our sole t. selling 100 famous home products. All time. Dr. Blair Laboratories, Dept. Lynchburg, Va.

**rents**: Davis sold 24 sprapumps and washers in 24 hours. Profits \$3.50 each. re. Write Sprayer Company, John- O.

**traits**, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet res, medallions, merchants' signs, water- and tea aprons, silk and wool hose. of 50 specialties free, 30 days credit. C. Bailey Co., Desk K6, Chicago.

**o Throwing Away Your Dull** es. Gillette, Enders, Keen-Kutter and Strop blades can be used dozens of s. Hand Stropping is the best way. Send or Sample. Money back if you want it. wanted everywhere. Ira S. Boore & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

**hur-Lock** for Screen Doors. Catch lock combined: four screws; no chiseling; anted, 35c postpaid. Agents wanted. Steel Products Co., Planterville, Ct.

**gents**—Free sample Dr. Elliott's Vege- Oil Soap. 19 full sized packages right of stock. Tea, Coffee, Extracts, Spices, Food lucts, Laundry and Toilet Soap samples. rything furnished. Send postal today. De- ment A-107, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

**en**, Women—Self-threading Needles easy. Send for prices. Sample 10c. L. er, Box 1260, City Hall Station, New York.

## Mr Wheel Chairs in May

### 3 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

he recipients of the four May wheel irs are: Reba Martindale, Jasper, as, 134; George Ash, Roundup, Mont., Jessie P. Thornton, Bowling Green, 51; Johnie C. McDaniel, Stid-

## AGENTS WANTED

**Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N. Y.**

**Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 925 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.**

**Make \$25 to \$50 Week** representing Clow's Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clow Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour.** Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

**Make Money** silversing mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Out- fitter furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Ave., New York

**\$60—\$200 a week. Gold Letters** for store windows. Easily applied. Free Samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 437 N. Clark, Chicago.

**Rummage Sales** make \$50.00 daily. We sell you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors," Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

**Inayde Tyres** inner armor for automobile tires. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage any tires. Tremendous demand. Big profits. Sample and details free. American Accessories Co., B-120, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Agents—New Discovery Makes Jelly "Jell."** Big profits, constant repeater. Sample free. Joy-Jel Company, 807 Grand, St. Joseph, Mo.

**Big Money and Fast Sales.** Every Owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

**Rubber Goods Manufacturer** offers big opportunity to men and women agents selling household and personal comfort necessities. Write Manufacturer—American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 606, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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# Cubby Bear Tries Something New

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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ONE evening in midsummer Mamma Bruin and Cubby Bear were sitting on the doorstep of their little house, resting after the heat of the day.

Cubby's head was bent forward dejectedly, and Mamma Bruin almost thought he was asleep, until he gave a doleful sigh.

"Why, Cubby Bear!" she exclaimed. "What is the trouble?"

"Oh, I am thinking," he answered, "that there is nothing new to be done—nothing! I have done everything a little bear can do! I have been to Wise Owl's school, I have played all the games any of my friends ever heard about; I have been to the seashore, and climbed the big mountain, and seen waterfall, and listened to the echoes in the great cave, and had a ride in a merry-go-round. I have fallen into the river, I have been in the misty white fog in the lowlands, I have helped to celebrate every holiday I know of, and I have had every kind of a party there is to have; and there is nothing left to do!"

"There is always plenty to do," said Mamma Bruin. "Plenty of play, and plenty of work (which is play, too, if we are wise enough to make it so), and plenty of wonderful things to see and to hear, and plenty of kind things to do for our friends! And plenty of happiness to enjoy, if only we look for it."

"Perhaps so," sighed Cubby, "but I wish I knew something pleasant to do this very minute."

"Take a look around, and see what you can see," advised Mamma Bruin. "As for me, it is happiness enough to be sitting here on my own doorstep, with my own little Cubby Bear, smelling the sweetness of the Pleasant Forest, and hearing the evening breezes rustle the leaves on the trees."

Cubby Bear sniffed the sweet summer air, and looked up at the bright stars, which twinkled at him cheerfully. Then, like little stars on earth, he saw bright fireflies darting about.

He sprang to his feet, and clapped his paws as a new thought came to him.

"Oh, Mamma Bruin!" he cried. "Just listen! You see those twinkly fireflies, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Mamma Bruin, smiling. "And I saw them before, when you were feeling so dismal. Why do you ask?"

"I have thought of something new to do!" said Cubby. "You have been near the village in the night time—near enough to see that there were lights shining all along the streets. I saw them twice—once when we went for a ride on the merry-go-round, and once when we celebrated the Fourth of July. I liked those lights on the streets! They were pretty and we could see things so plainly! Why couldn't we catch fireflies—oh, a great, great many of them, and put them in the trees and bushes to light our Pleasant Forest and have an evening party?"

"Talk it over with some of your friends tomorrow," Mamma Bruin told him. "You can have some fun trying it whether it works well or not. But come, it is time to go in now. Grandma Bear has been in bed an hour or more."

Next day, Cubby Bear found Wise Owl, Rocky Coon, Shinyblack Crow, Busy Beaver and Chirpy Chipmunk, and told them of his new idea.

"Don't bother to do it for me," said Wise Owl indifferently. "If you all had as good eyes as mine, you could see even better in the dark than in the light."

"I think I would rather see well in the daytime," Cubby told him, "when everything is bright and cheery."

"I am inclined to think your plan may be a good one," said Shinyblack Crow, "and I wish you would light up the forest while my brother is here."

"Oh, is your brother coming to see you?" asked Cubby. "I did not know you had a brother."

"Oh, yes, and his name is Simeon. He lives in the far West. While he is here I shall invite you all to meet him, and hear him tell stories of the West."

"Oh, get him to tell the stories in the evening, and we will have the fireflies then, for lighting," said Cubby eagerly.

"A grand thing it would be!" declared Busy Beaver. "Oh, grand and stylish! I will help catch the lights, Cubby Bear. When is your brother coming, Shinyblack Crow?"

"I expect him the day after tomorrow."

"That very evening we will have our lights. But where can we put our fireflies as we catch them, so that they will not all fly away?"

around in the mud of the swamp, all in the dark!"

Quite a party of the little woods people started for Blue Bittern's swamp that night, Cubby Bear kindly giving Chirpy Chipmunk and Tillie Turtle a ride in Rocky Coon's big basket.

A lively time they had, and not altogether a happy one, for the swamp was very muddy, as Chirpy had feared, and the night was dark.

"I never worked so hard in all my life before!"

"Where's the basket?" asked Wise Owl. "I've got my claws full of fireflies."

"Our eyes were all as good as mine," said Cubby. "We can all see fireflies, I should think."

"We can all see fireflies, I should think."

"Yes, but I can get around without basket."

"Yes, but I can get around without basket."

The next night they did better, and Wise Owl arrived to visit his friends.

A pleasant spot near the Big Brook had been chosen for the story-telling, and Cubby had basket and carefully placed them on bushes and the branches of trees.

The fireflies did not stay where they were put, but flitted all about.

"How pretty, how pretty they look!" mused Cubby, eying them with delight. "Like twinkly little stars, coming and going."

Then he hurried home to brush his collar and Busy Beaver in charge.

He was on his way back, with Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear, who wanted to hear Simeon Crow's Western stories when he saw Wollie Woodchuck coming toward him.

"Hurry up, Cubby Bear!" called Wollie, beckoning to him wildly.

"Oh, are we late?" asked Cubby.

"No, Simeon Crow has not come yet. Shinyblack, either. But something else is happening!"

"Oh, what, what?"

"The bats!" answered Wollie. "In a tone. 'The bats have come—oh, many of them and they are eating our lights!'"

"O-o-o-oh!" wailed Cubby. "This never do! Why does not Wise Owl drive the bats away?"

"He is not there, nor any other bird excepting little Chickadee Chirruppe, and he is small the bats only laugh at him and are afraid."

"Oh, run for Wise Owl!" begged Cubby. "Run for him yourself!" answered Wollie. "I have worked hard enough over this business already! Just a piece of foolishness from the start, I call it! I don't like being too stylish myself!"

Cubby Bear did not wait to hear Wollie's grumblings, but hurried on, leaving Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear to follow slowly.

Quite a crowd of animals had been collected by now, but the lights for which Cubby had worked so hard, and which had taken such pride, were nearly gone. Two or three fireflies were left to light the scene.

A familiar "Caw" was heard near by. "The crows are coming!" said Mincie. But Shinyblack alone flew into the air.

"Oh, Shinyblack Crow, I am so sorry," was Cubby's greeting. "The bats have taken up our lights, and your brother will tell his stories in the dark. There is no light, even for the night is cloudy," and Cubby wiped away a tear.

"There will be no stories tonight, etc.," said Shinyblack Crow, "so it is just as I feel so ashamed to disappoint you. Simeon was tired from his journey and gone to sleep. I could not budge him for a story tonight," said Simeon. "They be dull and dry if I tried. But you and your friends to meet me in the moonlight, I am fresh and rested, and I will tell yarns for them all day long if you listen, and will bring me my dinner."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Redtop, tossing his red cap into the air.

"I am glad!" said Bunny. "The babies are half asleep now. They have listened to the stories tonight in love to hear them in the morning."

"Cheer up, Cubby Bear, and Shinyblack, too," said Rocky Coon. "All will ends well, and neither one of you need be bad. The clouds are breaking in the sky, I see stars shining through, and we have a glorious story-day tomorrow."

But Wise Owl moped, for he loved the stories all to himself, in the dark.



THE NEXT NIGHT THEY ALL DID BETTER.

again—and where could we find enough of them any way?"

"My big covered basket will be just the thing to keep them in," offered Rocky Coon, "and there are more fireflies in Blue Bittern's swamp than we should need. I have been there at night, and I know."

"Then we will go there this very night, and again tomorrow night," said Busy Beaver. "Of course we shall have to catch them after it begins to grow dark. Will you all go to help? And we must ask others, too!"

Chirpy Chipmunk was whisking his plump tail about nervously.

"I don't like to refuse," he began. "Maybe I will go with the others—maybe I will—but I can't say I like the idea very well, plunging

fore!" grumbled Wollie Woodchuck. "The creatures won't stay still to be caught!"

"No," agreed Rocky Coon, "and just when you think you're going to put your paw on one, his light goes out, and you can't find him at all!"

As Rocky spoke, he sprang after a firefly, but the next moment cried out, "Ow! I've bumped my head against a tree!"

"You have not!" cried an indignant voice in the darkness. "You bumped it against my head, and knocked me down!" It was Minnie Mink.

"Suppose we go home now," said Cubby Bear. "It is too dark to do much, and we can catch more tomorrow night."

"Not in this swamp!" declared Rocky Coon firmly.

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## JULY COMFORT

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June, 1923.

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God remembers all.

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Hate ruins all it touches.

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